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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

J. C. COX.

600082480S

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY

J. C. COX,

Bermondsey.

"The poet's lyre to fix his fame,
Should be the poet's heart;
Affection lights a brighter flame
Than ever blazed by art."

COWPER.

LONDON:

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TO

JOHN LOCKE, Esq., Q.C., M.P.

FOR SOUTHWARK,

THESE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ARE BY PERMISSION

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE whole of the following Poems, many of which relate to the passing events of the day, have appeared from time to time in the *South London Journal*, under the initials of the writer's name.

They are now collectively brought before the public by the particular request of his friends, to whom for their kind support in aiding him with their subscriptions and otherwise, he begs to express his sincere acknowledgments. To the Editor of the above Journal he also tenders his best thanks for the patronage it has been his happiness to experience in its esteemed columns during a period of three years and upwards. Nor can he refrain from offering a similar tribute of his gratitude to WILLIAM THOMAS KIME, Esq., of Louth, Lincolnshire, for the kind

interest he has manifested in his behalf, as well as for the insertion of several of his pieces in his very able compilation of "Albert the Good." Some additions, alterations, and corrections have been made in several of the pieces, in the hope of rendering them worthy of a continuance of the approbation that has hitherto been so kindly awarded. He would briefly add, that the first piece in the collection ("The Battle of Waterloo") was contributed some time since in competition as a prize poem; but, there being no prospect of a fulfilment of the adjudication, it was withdrawn, under advice, for insertion in the present publication.

BERMONDSEY,

1*st August*, 1863.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

——— His sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.
POPE.

AWAKE, O Muse! and mount on lofty wing,
The battle great of Waterloo to sing,
That awful day, when on th' ensanguin'd plain
Britannia's arms her glory did maintain,
'Gainst vet'ran hosts, by Despot fierce array'd,
Himself the author of the havoc made,
Whose mad ambition 'twas, let Hist'ry show,
Her greatness rival and her pow'r o'erthrow,
Upon her ruin build his own proud fame,
And add *Le Grand* to France—Napoleon's name.

'Twas midnight past; on Belgium's doomed head
Repose indulgent had her wings outspread,
When sudden from each part the city round,
Was heard the drum—the trumpet's martial sound,
The stir of citizens—the din—alarms—
The battle cry, arise! "To arms! to arms!"
The troops collecting, forming rank and file,
And must'ring rapid at the Place Royale,

The clatt'ring cars—the heavy baggage wains—
The prompt artill'ry and commissariat trains;
And when from out the curtain of the night
The summer-morn, pale, peering, met the sight,
What sadden'd faces did the streets bespread,
To greet the warriors as they onward sped;
All gazing anxious on those vet'ran men,
Who from the fight might ne'er return again!

On, on, they march'd, for such their chief's command,
To Quatre Bras, now Waterloo to stand,
Ten miles from Brussels, near dark Soignies wood,
For conflict chosen—for retreat as good;
The road—its hardships great were theirs to bear,
But what can British courage, say, impair
By hero led, such world-wide fame to own,
The great—th' illustrious Duke of Wellington?

The foe to Planchenoit his force had led,
The heights above, with wonted skill to spread,
The space but short, from British line as seen,
Twelve hundred yards, not more, the vale between;
Success had yet Napoleon's efforts crown'd,
But dark the clouds his head were gath'ring round;
The Prussian troops, though worsted, still were strong,
And now the plains of Wavre lin'd along,
And Blucher here, brave prince, would take his stand,
Fresh troops expecting to recruit his band,
And thus, these great allies were drawing nigh
Against the foe, their mutual strength to try.

But, hark! the sound—the tempest's rising blast,
From Heav'n around in deepen'd wrath was cast,
The lightning flash'd, the thunder loudly roar'd,
And down the rain in rapid torrents pour'd,
The eve how fearful! but still more the night!
The fires throughout each line extinguish'd quite,

Nor ceas'd the storm till night gave place to day,
Forerunner awful of th' approaching fray.

Now came the morn, 'twas Sunday, and at nine
The sun shone forth to greet the day divine,
But soon, alas! to hide his radiant head
Beneath the war-smoke that around would spread:
Eleven then came, when, from th' opp'site height,
A signal gun announc'd the hour of fight,
And down with rapid step 'neath cannons' roar
Six thousand French on Hougoumont did pour,
Important point, of British line the key,
And hence the bloody struggles there to see;
Fresh troops pour'd on, and more artill'ry came,
And Hougoumont soon fell one mass of flame,
The walls beshatter'd were with cannon-shell,
And little left the old château to tell;
But still though drove from wood and orchard round,
The guards stood firm, and nobly kept their ground,
And brave Macdonell here shall Fame proclaim
As well deserving of a hero's name.

With rage increasing roll'd the thunder round,
And as with ague shook the crimson'd ground,
The tide of battle surg'd the left away,
Towards La Haye Sainte, where the British lay,
There Ney, the hero of the Russ campaign,
That strong position tried his best to gain,
His chosen columns up the slope he led,
Where Picton had his brave division spread;
Loud roar'd the cannon from the adjacent height,
But still the French their footing gain'd aright,
And onward press'd, complete success to share,
When Picton met them with his serried square;
The French pour'd in a volley, turn'd, and fled,
But left the hero on the rampart dead;

Peace to his shade! though long in tomb at rest,
The warrior's name by Britons still is blest.

A column now, two thousand French and more,
Upon the gallant ninety-second bore,
That through its losses in the fight sustain'd,
Two hundred men, not more, the band contain'd:
Heroic men! they shrank not from the strife,
Their country's cause was more to them than life,
They charg'd the column, pierc'd its centre through,
When to their aid the Greys now rapid flew,
Dash'd in the opening, dire revenge to take,
And slew each man or prisoner him did make;
No pause was there, but like the ocean's roar,
When lash'd to fury, only rages more,
Down rush'd the cavalry the foot to aid,
With cuirassiers in armour steel array'd,
And fierce the conflict on the left was seen,
(The Greys by heavy troops had joined been)
And long the struggle down the slope had spread
Ere the cuirassiers turn'd their horses—fled;
Two eagles,—banners of the imperial foe—
'Twas theirs, these gallant vet'rans, now to show:—
Then madden'd with success, the British horse
The flying French pursu'd, their line to force,
Amongst their batt'ries dash'd, which soon they won,
And render'd useless many a pointed gun,
But fell at length in this their wild advance,
An easy conquest to the Polish lance;
In their retreat, alas! the tale to tell,
The gallant Ponsonby, pierc'd ruthless, fell;
Illustrious chief! thy fate how sad—severe!
Thus cut from life, and all that life held dear!
O'er thee shall Pity still lament thy doom—
Bedew with tears the laurels round thy tomb!

Now foil'd in his attempt the left to gain,
Napoleon scarcely could his rage restrain,
He orders gave, his present movements change
For rapid onset on the centre range,
On Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte as well,
That soon would now fresh struggles have to tell;
So heavy masses straight were seen to rise,
And blazing cannon lit the troubl'd skies;
The loss how great! but, of allies the more,
Though shelter'd by a ridge that lay before;
Meantime was Ney his squadrons must'ring nigh,
His hand against the British still to try,
While the allies, now formed in double square
The coming storm with cavalry prepare.

'Twas four the hour, when ceas'd the batt'ries blaze,
The foes approach with cavalry to trace—
The cuirassiers, as up the slope they came,
Their breast-plates shining in the cannons' flame,
That from the British line came pouring down,
Each column shatt'ring as it close came on;
On, on, they press'd, that fearless—noble band!
'Till near the height, not forty yards, to stand;
When awful! through their ranks the cannon spoke,
Nor shook their courage, though their order broke;
A moment—then, amongst the guns were they,
While safe within the squares the gunners lay;
With shouts exultive 'gain they onward press'd;
The British silent were, as if at rest,
But at the word—to fire! down fell each foe,
Or went recoiling in the plains below;
Again—again, these gallant horsemen tried
Upon the squares to penetrate each side,
Till weaken'd by the fire, disordered—fled
Their own position, o'er the dying—dead.

Resolv'd to break the British centre right,
Napoleon now more sternly urg'd the fight,
Fresh squadrons sent, they num'rous were and strong,
To sweep the allies from off the ridge along;
Though vain their efforts, yet what courage shown,
" They walk'd the squares, as if they'd been their own!"
'Till 'neath the British charge—the cannons' roar,
They down were swept as others were before,
But in return, 'twas theirs to feel the blow—
The capture sad of La Haye Sainte to know,
De Lancy's loss—with Miller—Cameron,
And Gordon, too, who well to fame are known.

Now rose the demon-spirit of the storm,
Indignant, fierce, he show'd his hideous form,
While War and Death, attendant on his sway,
Smil'd grimly o'er the carnage as it lay;
Amid he stood, his blood-stain'd eagle high
Above him soar'd, but 'neath a frowning sky,
While Vict'ry, Freedom, from yon cloud of light,
Gaz'd smiling down on Britain's banner bright!

'Twas seven, or near, when onward to the fight
The Prussian troops from Wavre came in sight,
His guards the British chieftain now had led
Near Hougoumont, its hollow there to spread,
And on La Haye Sainte, too, Napoleon prest
Two heavy columns of his guards the best;
There in the field against the British right,
With desp'rate purpose to renew the fight,
While other cohorts fast were moving on
To La Haye Sainte in force, and Hougoumont:
Now, as Napoleon near the British came,
Beneath a ravine, free from cannons' flame,
His vet'ran guards he stopp'd and thus address'd,
Their hearts to cheer ere further on they press'd:—

" Soldiers of France! whose glory is thy shield,
For whom thou'st fought in many a battle field,
There still, unshaken, I've thy valour tried,
Thine arms invincible have been my pride.
These English, scant in numbers, now are weak,
My faithful guards! press on—their order break;
Though strong th' artillery, 'tis their only guard,
But carry that and victory's your reward!"
Then rose the loud acclaim, the imperial shout,
The "*Vive l'Empereur!*" heard the lines without,
A moment's pause, then with terrific roar,
Three hundred cannon belch'd their iron show'r,
And rank on rank the foes were swept away
From off the ridge where close the British lay;
Still on they press'd, despite the storm of grape,
Each chasm fill'd, their onset fierce to make;
'Twas then th' illustrious Duke, his prompt command
In words of magic gave his noble band,
"Up, guards, and at them!"—with a lion's bound
They upward sprang, as if from out the ground,
Pour'd in a with'ring fire upon the foe,
That scatter'd hundreds on the slope below;
Though startled—not dismayed—they 'gain press'd on,
But with severer loss went headlong down;
At length confusion 'neath their banners spread,
Their columns waver'd, down the slope they fled;
Thus, as when Etna, wak'd by madd'ning sound,
Enrag'd pours forth her liquid fire around,
So now, in all the pow'r and pride of might,
The British warriors downward stream'd the height,
And close around the French position drew,
And heaps on heaps with musket-bayonet slew;
But still the foe his ev'ry effort tried
The desolating storm to turn aside,
Till, press'd on all sides by the allies around,
Was forc'd to fly the long contested ground,

Pursu'd by Prussian horse—avenging band!
That at this crisis came to take its stand.

'Twas then the sun as down he sank to rest
His golden beams o'erspread the victor's crest,
While upward rising came the Queen of night,
With silvery smiles to greet their standard bright;
Roll on celestial orbs through boundless space,
To bless and cheer the world's wide peopl'd race,
But ne'er again such gory scenes to view
As those that met the sight at Waterloo!

Oh! thou supernal Pow'r, whose name is Peace,
Look down from Heav'n and bid all tumults cease,
Send forth thy Truth and light the nations round,
With seraph tongue proclaim the joyful sound;
May knowledge—commerce, spread their genial sway,
And earth, Industry's hand, with stores repay;
May Freedom's voice all threat'ning foes disarm,
And tyrant pow'r restrain from doing harm:
Oh! haste the time—that glorious day to see,
When War's dread weapons shall converted be
To Nature's use—the implements of toil—
For culture and improvement of the soil;
When his red banner shall be rais'd no more,
But Peace and Love shall smile on ev'ry shore!

NOTES.

Note 1.

'Twas midnight past; on Belgium's doomed head. (p. 1).

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Buonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

Note 2.

And brave Macdonell here shall Fame proclaim
As well deserving of a hero's name. (p. 3).

At one critical period the French entered the court, but in vain; in a moment the gallant fellows were bayoneted or captured, and Colonel Macdonell, the giant of his regiment, with main force dashed to its heavy gates in the face of the advancing enemy.

Note 3.

Peace to his shade! though long in tomb at rest,
The warrior's name by Britons still is blest. (p. 4).

Picton was slain at the head of his division, repelling one of the most formidable attacks of the French; he was struck on the head by a musket ball, and fell dead shortly afterwards. His body was raised and placed against a tree, where it remained until the action was decided.

Note 4.

In their retreat, alas! the tale to tell,
The gallant Ponsonby, pierced ruthless, fell. (p. 4).

This hero being directed to lead his brigade against the Polish lancers, soon checked their destructive charges against the British infantry, and took nearly 2,000 prisoners; but having pushed on at some distance from his troops, attended only by one aide-de-camp, he entered a newly-ploughed field, where the ground was so soft, that his horse sunk into it, and was unable to extricate himself. At this juncture a body of lancers approached at full gallop. Sir William saw that his fate was inevitable. He therefore took out a picture and his watch, and was in the act of giving them to his aide-de-camp to deliver to his family, when the lancers came up and killed them both on the spot. His body was found beside his horse, pierced with seven wounds. His death, however, was not unrevenged; as, before the day ended, the Polish lancers were almost entirely cut to pieces by the corps which this gallant officer had led against them.

Note 5.

De Lancy's loss—with Miller—Cameron,
And Gordon, too, who well to fame are known. (p. 6).

General De Lancy fell as he was leading back to the charge a batallion of Hanoverians who had been thrown into confusion. He conceived that his wound was mortal, and, as the soldiers eagerly rushed forward to carry him to the rear, he desired them to leave him to his fate; adding that they should not waste that time on him which might be employed in assisting many brave fellows who might be enabled again to fight their country's battles.

Colonel Miller, while at the head of his company, cheering his men, received a mortal wound in his breast. As he passed

to the rear, borne by four men, he said, "Let me see the colours." They were accordingly placed in Ensign Batty's hand, to pay him his funeral honours while living. He then said, "I thank you,—that will do;—I die satisfied."

Colonel Cameron received his death wound while assisting his friend, Major Donald McIntosh, who had been wounded, to the rear of his regiment (the 42nd).

Sir Alexander Gordon was shot while expostulating with the Commander-in-Chief, on the personal danger to which he was exposing himself.

Note 6.

Pursued by Prussian horse—avenging band,
That at this crisis came to take its stand. (p. 8).

The Prussians put no limit to their revenge, and listened to no cries of mercy; their light horse, always formidable on such occasions, made a fearful and indiscriminate slaughter, scarcely interrupted even by the temptation of plundering the baggage with which the roads were choked, and unchecked by an attempt at resistance.

Note 7.

'Twas then the sun as down he sank to rest,
His golden beams o'erspread the victor's crest,
While upward rising came the Queen of Night
With silvery smiles to greet their standard bright. (p. 8).

It is related that just as the English army had deployed into line for the general charge, the sun beamed out as if to shed his setting glories upon the conquerors of the eventful day, and at half-past nine at night the moon arose with more than ordinary splendour.

SPRING.

Drear winter past, in robe of green,
See! beauteous spring appears,
Upon her head, with looks serene,
A garland fresh she wears;
And, as she steps, beneath her feet
The lowly flowerets rise,
The virgin's smile with love to greet,
And glad our longing eyes!

The snow-drop chaste, the crocus gay,
The violets sweet unfold
Their varied hues; in meek array
The primrose pale, behold!
The daisy, too, in modest guise,
Peeps from her grassy bed,
And buttercup, with pleasure vies,
Her golden gems to spread.

Adown the meadows, joyous all,
The lambkins frisk and play;
The lark ascends at early call,
And pours his tuneful lay;
The merry thrush, from woodland height,
In strains exultive sings,
And many a little warbler bright
His welcome tribute brings.

BRITAIN, BLEST ISLE OF THE SEA!

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

(For Music).

"National virtue shines forth most in difficulties, and whatever may be our burdens, we feel sure that our trials will eventually result in triumphs."—See *Times*, April 10th.

O! BRITAIN, lov'd Britain,
Tho' trials are now thine,
Thy star, it is certain,
On thee will still shine.
The page of thy story
Fresh triumphs proclaim,
Increasing in glory
The gems of thy fame.

For lo! at thy calling
What thousands arise!
Thy sons!—and the warning
Who dare shall despise!
Thy Navy triumphant
Rides o'er thy proud wave;
Thy Army—how gallant!
The bravest of brave!

Away! with the thought, then,
Of foes to enthral!
Britannia's the token
Of safety from all;
With guardians so watchful,
So loyal and so free,
We hail thee right joyful,
"Blest Isle of the Sea!"

SUMMER.

FAREWELL to thee, Spring, and thy early sweet flowers,
Those gems at thy coming we loved so to see,
Thy breezes of incense, thy soft gentle showers,
Thy murmuring streamlets, from Winter set free;
For Summer is come, from the balmy south glowing,
In beauty and fragrance she joyous appears,
Her vesture of green lightly 'round her is flowing,
A garland, the choicest from Flora, she wears.

O! let us away to where Phœbus at rising
Awakens to life the sweet voices around;
And zephyrs—fond zephyrs—with flowers are smiling,
And rural delights through the welkin abound;
The rose and the jasmine delicious are breathing,
Their jewels right glad in the sunbeams to spread,
And woodbines in "Love's shining circle" are wreathing
O'er Summer-green bowers, their odours to shed.

And there is the hawthorn, so cheering with pleasure,
Perfuming the air in our rambles along,
And clematis herself, for scent quite a treasure,
And eglantine, prized as the emblem of song;
Nor shall the fair lily, adown in her dwelling
In yonder green valley, in verse be forgot,
Though laden with sweets famed Arabia excelling,
Contented to breathe on her own native spot!

Abroad in the meadows—amongst the fresh clover,
The humming-bee's roving his store to supply,
And, sprung from his bed in the corn-tufted over,
The lark hails his mate 'neath the vault of the sky;
And hark! in the woodlands the concert's beginning,
From minstrels, though viewless, yet known for their strain,—

The blackbird and throstle their love songs are singing,
And cattle are lowing below on the plain.

And haply at night when the flowers are sleeping,
And birds in their bowers are dreaming of love,
Save lone Philomel, that so wakeful is keeping,
Sweet Summer to sing in the depths of the grove;
How delightful to list her trillings harmonious
Outpoured while around all are still and serene,
And above the queen-moon is smiling so glorious,
As her "silv'ry mantle" she casts o'er the scene!

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

Oh! minstrel, wake the tuneful lyre,
And with enraptur'd song inspire
To deeds of martial fame;
Sing how our sires—brave warriors, bold—
Withstood the conq'rors of the world
And earn'd a deathless name.

Sing, how the flag of England free
Waves proudly o'er the world-wide sea,
To foes defiant there;
How Nelson fought—his days' renown;
And Wellington his vict'ries won,
Unfading wreaths to share!

And, as with glowing fingers prest,
The trembling chords their power attest,
Pour forth the swelling strain;
Sing of the Crimean height bespread
With British blood, for freedom shed;—
The heroes there were slain!

Then, thrilling turn to India's land,
And tell how there a noble band
Laid low the demon host;
How Havelock, so dauntless, brave,
Lamented met a victor's grave,
And Delhi proud was lost!

Britannia weeps!—her sons are gone!
Oh! touch the strings, in plaintive tone
Their peaceful requiem sing!
Then, rising, tell in louder strain,
How she for freedom could again
Legions of warriors bring!

THE BUGLE'S VOICE.

LINES ON THE LADIES' PRESENTATION OF SILVER BUGLES TO VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.

THE bugle's voice the huntsman cheers,
As forward in the chase he's borne,
And when the warrior, too, it hears,
He thinks of battles fought and won;
In Freedom's cause 'tis loud and clear,
Apt monitor at Duty's call,
It tells the tyrant what to fear,
And warning gives to foemen all.

O! ladies, we revere your choice,
These bugle presents to bestow,
And well may Britain's sons rejoice
Your kind approval thus to know;

'Twill cheer them on through ev'ry round
Of duty, pleasure still to find,
And when they hear the bugle's sound
'Twill you, fair daughters, bring to mind.

Then will they feel a patriot's pride,
For "dear old England" is the charm,
And with their brave compeers beside
Defy the world to do her harm;
But should the foes perchance to come,
'Neath tyrant rule, their strength to try,
"For altar, throne, for hearth and home,"
They'll conquer, or, like heroes—die!

THE HARVEST MOON.

Fair visitant! whose look serene
We hail with fresh delight,
May no dark shadows intervene
To intercept thy light;
But may'st thou shine as now, though still
With more increasing rays,
Our bosoms' wish with joy to fill
The coming harvest days.

Roll on as wont through boundless space
Unerring wisdom's giv'n,
Reflecting from the Sun's bright face
The genial warmth of Heav'n,
The standing crops of grain to swell —
Full ripen in the soil,
And with thy cheering rays as well
The harvest reapers' toil.

And may kind Heav'n, from whom arose
These glorious orbs on high,
Smile on our gathering to its close
And grant a rich supply;
And may the nations, one and all,
Their suppliant voice address
To Him from whom all mercies fall,
The "harvest home" to bless.

THE CONVOLVULUS.

Sweet flow'r that springs to greet the Sun,
With smiles his love to pay,
As forth he comes his course to run
So glorious through the day,
Revolve and spread thy bosom free,
Whilst Fancy fondly looks on thee!

Thy tender form, thy varied hue,
How graceful meet the sight!
But more thy glowing charms we view
When full the Sun shines bright;—
Thy magic tints, so rich, so rare,
The hand that pencil'd thee declare.

In what fair land, lov'd gem, didst thou
First ope thy modest eye,
And blush to see the Sun as now
Majestic in the sky;
Why cam'st thou here, so short to stay,
And like a vision melt away?

May we in thee, O! beauteous flow'r,
Our own existence see,
And humbly wait the coming hour,
That soon—how soon—may be;
Then calm like thee, our eyelids close,
But 'neath a brighter Sun repose!

GARIBALDI.

When from her throne in regions high
Beyond our mortal ken,
Fair Freedom downward cast her eye,
To view the states of men;
She saw outspread a beauteous land,
That once was noble—free,
Grasp'd by Oppression's cruel hand—
Degrading tyranny!

"Is that," thought she, "the self-same land,
Imperial Rome of yore,
That long the world held sole command,
So fam'd for classic lore;—
For which the noble Brutus bled
And died, with soul so brave,
And Cato, stern, his life-blood shed,
Than live to see her—slave?

"Can it be there, though grandeur still
Is seen with wond'ring sight,
Where Virgil sung the soul to fill
With inexpress'd delight;—
Where with divine and skilful art
The pencil Raphael drew,
And Angelo, but little short
Of inspiration, too?

" Where genius still unfolds her page
Of music and of song,
But leaves in other lands to raise
The plaudits of the throng?
And why those martial bands to see,
Sent forth from foreign strand?
That cry of dungeon misery,
That's heard throughout the land?"

All this, now seen, lov'd Freedom wept
Italia's wrongs to view,
As through the yielding air she swept,
And near the scenes she drew;
Then in a voice commanding loud
She thus bespoke her mind,
While 'round her press'd a suff'ring crowd,
Her firm resolve to find:—

" Italia's sons, from warriors sprung,
Arise!—henceforth be free;
A chief I give, from you among,
Your Liberator see!"
Then, from her breast a scroll she drew
Of heroes bright in fame,
When, lo! inscrib'd, and first to view
Was " Garibaldi's " name!

AUTUMN.

Now Summer's gone, with sober pace
Comes Autumn, with his welcome face,
And eyes though bright denoting cares,
Whilst on his brow a wreath he wears

Of ripen'd corn; the harvest o'er,
Behold! the garner's ample store,
And as ye gaze, O! bend the knee,
And thank kind Heav'n the gift to see.

Around the thatch'd-eav'd cottage run
The fruitful vines to court the Sun,
And 'neath his smiles fresh juice distil,
Their purple orbs to ripen—fill;
The orchard, too, its store replete
With rosy fruits, the eyes now greet;
And on the hazel, brown and green,
A goodly crop of nuts is seen;
The bramble's jetty stores invite
The schoolboy's thoughts—a tempting sight!
And, see! the briar, as well as thorn,
The ruddy hips and haws adorn.

All sportive in the hazels near
The squirrel revels in the cheer,
Adroitly skips from tree to tree,
And cracks his nuts right merrily;
But still for future want provides
A stock of nuts for food besides:
The bee is busy—still abroad
In quest of sweets the more to hoard,
And from yon groups of poppies red
He oft returns with drowsy head,
For soon he knows the time will come
When he must needs keep snug at home.

The flow'rs—the beauteous flow'rs are gone,
At least the sweetest Summer born;
With Flora only few remain
Within the woodland's wide domain,
And these but faintly ting'd;—their bloom

Breathes nought of Summer's rich perfume :—
The crane's bill ling'ring meets the view,
With pheasant's-eye of crimson hue,
And larkspur varied there, as well
As evening primrose last to tell.

How sweet beneath the verdant screen
Of beauteous fern or oaken green,
Outstretch'd at ease to list the sound
Of myriad happy insects 'round;
The bee's low humming voice to hear,
The cricket in the hedge-row near,
Commingl'd with the distant cry
Of curlew, sailing 'long the sky:
Or, wrapt in moodiness of mind,
Aside a running brook reclin'd,
To chase the windings of the stream,
A thousand pleasant thoughts to dream,
That Mem'ry fond from out her store
Delights in scenes like these to pour,
Whilst o'er the brook on willow spray
The robin chants his Autumn lay!

THE RETROSPECT.

O! NE'ER may abject fear bespread
Our bosoms' hopeful rise,
While o'er life's beaten paths we tread
As pilgrims for the skies;
For though dark clouds may hover near,
The Sun's bright beams will soon appear.

O! yes, if every little flow'r
That in the valley grows

Is cloth'd by the Almighty pow'r,
Who smiles on it bestows;
Then, we, who His blest impress bear,
Will surely His protection share.

'Tis wise in all to note the change
Of seasons as they roll,
To view the planets' wond'rous range,
The Hand that guides the whole;
And in th' affairs of man to trace
The plan of Providential grace.

Review the past—what thoughts arose
A harvest scant to see!
And yet kind Heav'n His bounty shows,
And we from cares are free;
The shining ricks in ev'ry field
Attest the truth—an ample yield!

Nor, these alone the gifts we see,
In mercy sent from Heav'n,
Peace undisturb'd—prosperity—
These—these to us are giv'n;
And last, though not the least in store,
The public health increas'd the more!

YOUNG ENGLAND.

(FOR MUSIC).

O! how bright was the day when Young England arose
At the call of fair Freedom on high,
For the home that he lov'd had been threaten'd by foes,
Whom on coming, he'd conquer or die:

So he girt on his sword and his rifle he took,
And he stood 'neath her banner so free,
While Britannia gaz'd on, with a mother's fond look,
Quite delighted her son thus to see.

Then Young England march'd on, in the pride of his might,
And his eye he kept fix'd on the shore,
And he wondering mus'd, in the stillness of night,
He'd not taken his rifle before;
For though calm was the sea, in its aspect awhile
Heavy clouds he saw gathering near,
And he thought, O! how soon to his dear little isle
The sly foe from the darkness might steer.

A shrill blast on his bugle Young England then blew
('Twas a present rever'd from the fair);
And away o'er the water, now troubl'd it flew,
As the lightning's dread flash through the air;
The scar'd clouds, lo! dispers'd, and there gallant he stood,
And as peaceful as e'er he appears,
And long—long may he stand, for Old England's real good,
Still increasing in strength as in years!

THE STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

A BEAUTIFUL Star has been roving away,—
Far away in the pride of its glory;
O'er land, and o'er sea, and though short but to stay,
'T will live long in the page of its story.

In climes, North and West—in the land of the free,
The gallant young Star has been shining,
While thousands on thousands its face throng'd to see,
As it downward look'd on them so smiling.

Through clouds—silver clouds, fring'd with gold by the sun,
It has pass'd with its presence adorning;
And though shadows have cross'd in the paths of its run,
Still its face wore the smiles of the morning.

O'er arches triumphant its course it has sped,
And fair eyes have gaz'd on it with wonder,
For round upon all its soft rays it bespread;
On its brightness it left them to ponder.

We've view'd the lov'd Star in its journey on high,
And oft-times with a fearful emotion,
Lest the lustre that shone in its beautiful eye
Might been dimmed by the powers of the ocean.

Now safely return'd, and more cheering than e'er,
There's an end of all fears so prevailing;
And we'll gaze on it still, in its own happy sphere,
"Welcome home, Star of Brunswick!" all hailing.

THE HIELAND-BAIRN.

The Sun his brightest rays had spread
On fam'd Balmoral's favour'd head,
As once our Queen stepp'd out so free,
To leave the banks of bonny Dee;
When near a little pet she spied,
A peasant girl—a neighbour's pride,
And with a promise truly kind
She thus to her bespoke her mind:—
"Next year, when we come back, my dear,
A pretty toy to you I'll bear."

But O! the cares a year makes known
To one, indeed, who wears a crown;
Well might they from the mind efface
Of such a promise every trace.

That year the Queen to Paris went
Upon a royal visit bent,
The Emp'ror of the French to see
(For crowned heads should friendly be),
And thus with care she'd more to do
Than we can either think or know,
And we should not have wonder'd any
If she'd forgotten little Jenny.

Not so, howe'er; on her return
She mindful sought the Hieland-bairn,
"See! now, I've not forgotten you!"
She said, and held the gift to view.
So she most gracious kept her word,
As we in verse would fain record;
And other deeds we too could tell
For which the Queen is lov'd so well.

WINTER.

From northern climes, remote and drear,
Comes Winter on his visit here,
With Frost and Snow his train;
And rude Boreas with his blast,
And Hail that's downward coming fast
To celebrate his reign.

Upon his brow, beseam'd by years,
A frozen crown or wreath he wears,
And hoary is his hair;

His beard by icicles possest,
Hangs glittering o'er his brawny chest;
His cloak from polar bear.

The Sun his brightest smiles restrains,
The birds and beasts forsake the plains,
They all to covert flee;
No little flow'r durst lift its head,
Nor peep from out its lowly bed,
But keep as snug may be.

The trees of leaves divested are,
The hedge-rows, too, are shorn and bare,
The gardens' perfumes gone;
No rosy fruits now greet the eye,
No murm'ring streams flow gently by,
So dear to Fancy known.

Though stern is Winter to the view,
He's still a friend to me—to you—
To all while here to stay;
And does he frown and show his might?
'Tis but our foes away to fright—
Infections dire to slay.

No mean pretender he in art
Of physic, healing to impart,
Of nostrums, full and sure;
He without lotion, draught, or pill,
The weaken'd nerves with strength can fill,
The blood distemper'd cure.

And kindly out his hands he spreads
O'er tender seedlings; on their beds
A covering warm he lays;

And 'neath they sleep, nor ope their eyes,
Till bright the Sun shines from the skies,
And Spring her visit pays.

Of pleasures, too, he has a store,
The Wind's shrill whistle and the roar
That Boreas fitful gives;
The graphic sketches Frost bestows
Upon our windows, and the Snow's
Pure, smooth, and graceful wreaths.

How grand it is the Sun to see
Uprising in his majesty
The fog to pierce—dispel;
The landscape mantl'd o'er so white,
The trees in crystal pearls bedight,
Each little bush as well.

And, then, there's robin redbreast sweet,
That annual comes our love to greet,
With fond and askant eye;
He is, indeed, the friend of man,
And ever may it be our plan
His urgent wants supply.

And, oh! as round the cheerful fire
We sit, may ev'ry thought conspire
Our gratitude to raise
To Him from whom all changes come,
The seasons and the bliss of home,
The "varied God" to trace.

As thus to us His love is shown,
May we to others make it known
In kindly word and deed;
And freely of our bounty give,
As we from Him did so receive,
To all assistance need.

Nor fail to see on Winter's brow
The emblem of our life; to know
  The change that still remains;
The hope to meet in Heav'n above,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love,
  And Summer endless reigns!

HIS ISLAND HOME.

O! THE hero's at rest on his dear little isle,
For the tyrant lies low 'neath fair Liberty's smile,
And the clangour of chains in his dungeons so drear,
With the cries of oppression have ceas'd on the ear.

He's at rest, not asleep; though he's laid down his arms,
In a moment he'd rise at Ausonia's alarms,
And his name is the watchword—the beacon on high,
At whose kindling, O! who would not rally and die?

For the soul of the hero, how noble!—how free
From the lures of ambition! how truthful is he!
So unselfish—denying; illustrious his name.
Not a blot on his scutcheon can envy proclaim.

For his beautiful country he fought—he would bleed,
And in him we behold a true patriot indeed;
The exploits of the victor how worthy a crown!
But his virtues insure him a brighter renown.

O'er Caprera, fam'd spot, how delightful to rove,
And to gaze on the Star that is shining above,
In the paths of its glory its brightness to trace,
And to see Garibaldi portrayed in its face!

NEW YEAR'S DAY (1861).

THE cheerful bell at ten its summons gave
For service at Saint Mary Magdalen,
Whilst on the nightly breeze—bemoisten'd air,
(Now freed from frost and snow, but for a time),
Came the deep moaning of th' expiring year.
The people throng'd his moments last to see,
And his successor hail: with pray'r and praise,
The word of God to hear 'till early morn.
And goodly was the scene, as with one voice,
In concert with the organ's solemn sound,
Devout to Heav'n they pour'd the grateful strain.
Then, with affectionate and earnest zeal,
The worthy pastor, his attentive flock,
From out the holy prophet them address'd,
Exalting Him whose name is "Wonderful!"*
Now came the hour of twelve—the New Year's birth,
The deepen'd pause, when each one secret held
Communion with his Maker; then the pray'r,—
The pastor's pray'r for his beloved flock;—
The Queen, her royal Consort, household,—all.
And, lastly, joining full in choral praise,
The Apostolic blessing was pronounc'd,
And many a heart uplifted doubtless felt
How good 'twas to be there, and homeward went
Rejoicing.

* Isaiah ix, 6.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE ENGLISH PRISONERS TORTURED TO DEATH IN CHINA.

Oh! yes, 'neath their suff'rings they sunk to their rest,
Away—far away o'er the billow;
May the turf that's above them lay light on their breast,
The hope of the just be their pillow.

In the land of the stranger how peaceful they sleep!
Breathe softly ye winds in your sighing;
Ye relatives dear, cease, oh! cease now to weep;
Ye friends, mourn no longer their dying.

'Twas here they were born—the fond scenes of their youth;
Here train'd in the paths of devotion;
We'll cherish the thought that they died in the truth;
The Saviour, indeed, was their portion.

The Arm that avenges has smitten the foe,—
From his palace imperial has driv'n;
Destroy'd are its walls that re-echo'd their woe,
For, ah! such was the fiat of Heav'n.

May the spot where they sleep hence be hallow'd ground,
And nought to disturb it befalling;
And whispering spirits await them around,
To waft them to bliss at their calling!

BENEVOLUS AND THE ANGEL.

Benevolus on his pillow lay,
Reflecting on the poor;
For well he knew the sore distress
'T was theirs now to endure.

That day, as wont, on errand kind,
He'd been their homes to see;
To suff'ring want relief to give—
To soothe its misery.

The frost was piercing; bitter cold
The Winter was indeed;
And, as he mus'd on all he'd seen,
It made his heart to bleed.

He still, by gentle Pity mov'd,
Resolv'd more good to do,
Next day, if spared, with health and strength,
His visits to renew.

A list he kept of all he'd done—
His alms from day to day—
The name of each poor soul he'd help'd,
Which in his chamber lay.

The truth of God was in his heart,
A smile beamed in his eye,
As oft he ponder'd o'er these words—
This promise from on high.

"How blest the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distrest;
When troubles compass him around
The Lord will give him rest."

He breath'd a pray'r, then fell asleep
And dreamt of Heav'n above;
The Father's glory there revealed—
The Saviour's dying love!

Now, when the hour of midnight came,
A glory filled the room;
'Twas like the Moonlight's smile serene
In Summer's sweetest bloom.

Awoke, he heard his name pronounc'd,
In accents plain and clear;
And yet so soft and silvery,
'Twas music to the ear.

He gaz'd around, and oh! the scene
That near him met his view;
An Angel cloth'd in raiment white
His rapt attention drew.

His face was lovely to behold,
So good—divinely fair;
Beyond whate'er on earth he'd seen,
And beauteous was his hair.

With arms uprais'd the Angel spoke,
His mission to unfold;
Whilst open'd in his hand he held
A book whose leaves were gold:—

"See! Christian, see! in this bright page
Thy name is written down;
Continue still the Lord to serve,
And gain a heav'nly crown!"

The good man's heart o'erflow'd with joy,
Its gratitude to tell;
But ere his lips could utterance give,
The Vision smil'd farewell.

FROST MUSIC IN CANADA.

O'ER the hard snow, 'neath Winter's frigid skies,
The lonely trav'ller on his journey hies;
The day is fine, a frozen lake is near,
He reins his steed its margin 'long to steer;

Of home he's thinking, for belated he
Is anxious his expectant friends to see:
When, lo! a mournful wail comes o'er the scene,
And breaks the silence solemn and serene:
The music strange—it like a dream appears;
He stops to listen and subdue his fears;
Awhile he stands, in doubt its source to trace,
If in the air or in his brain the place;
The forest near he views, in hopes to find
If thence it comes; but there's no breath of wind;—
No harp-like notes, from out the pines to bear
The joyous news—its birth to tell is there.
Now, nearer swelling comes the self-same sound,
Then, in a moment, miles seems distant round;
Again it moans, as if below his feet,
And now 't is there almost, his ears to greet.
Beneath the fall of ice, imprison'd fast,
The winds, he learnt, the tyrant Frost had cast
In dreary solitude, there to remain
'Till Spring arrives to set them free again:
In some still night, perchance, her warmth to know,
The Frost-bound ice will, heaving, upwards blow—
The pent-up winds escape with fearful roar,
And crash on crash resound from shore to shore!

THE SLAVE.

Borne softly on the nightly breeze
A voice came floating round,
From out a slave plantation near
On stain'd Missouri's ground;
A trav'ller passing heard the wail,
And mov'd by Pity drew

Aside the spot to list awhile—
The mourner sad to view.

The Queen of night look'd pensive down
From out her azure screen,
And now, within a thicket low,
A sable form was seen;
With eyes uprais'd—on suppliant knee
He'd op'd his soul in pray'r,
And deep the sighs his bosom heav'd,
His anguish to declare.

He pray'd, O! yes, the negro pray'd,
For early in his youth
He'd learnt from missionary kind
The sacred words of truth;
And happy were those days, when he
O'er Afric's golden sand
So freely rov'd her shores along—
His own lov'd native land.

Thence torn from home by cruel foe
He'd long bewail'd his fate,
The tyrant pow'r each day endur'd—
Fell slavery's brow of hate;
To see each night without a friend,
No comfort save from high,
Ah! oft he'd thought, without this bliss
'T were better far to die.

But hope grew strong, as faithful still
He pour'd the grateful strain,
Whilst oft with longing eyes he gaz'd
Where Freedom loves to reign;
Now brightly shone the silver Queen,
Unnumber'd stars appear'd,

The slave arose on lightsome feet
And from the covert steer'd.

Next day, among the crowd of slaves
One less there was to see
To toil and sweat, 'neath scorn and lash,
Goaded by tyranny;
No longer now to mourn and weep,
His hands in vain to spread
For mercy; from his fellow man—
The negro—he had fled.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

'Tis rightly nam'd, and much there is to fear
'Twill still go on—still in its mad career,
'Till all the Southern States that Slav'ry own,
Its name, "Confed'rate," to the world make known;
The standard of revolt aloft unfurl,
And stern defiance at the Northern hurl;
In short, 'tis said, but may this prove a tale,
Perpetuate Slav'ry on a wider scale.

How long, 'tis ask'd, shall Britain grieve to find
Her darling hopes thus scatter'd to the wind;
With constant care her eyes on Slav'ry keep—
The ocean wide her gallant barks to sweep;
Th' inhuman trade but to obstruct—to bear
Few suff'rers back, the joys of home to share;
With treach'rous friends—indiff'rence cold—to try
To win them over to humanity?

O'er Afric's land the muse invites your gaze,
For there may hope your fondest wishes raise;

There plenteous rivers fertilize the plain,
And bounteous Providence asserts his reign;
There Nature waits her treasures to unfold,
Through ages past remaining still untold:—
In that vast field of enterprise, see! lie
Abundant stores for many a want's supply;
There labour free would cotton produce give,
And neath his hands, fell Slav'ry cease to live;
How wondrous this! that where he sprang, to see
The seed for his destruction rais'd should be:
Thus, like the pois'nous plant that springs the ground,
Aside of which an antidote is found.

Oh! Britain, rouse thee in thy calling high,
And upward look, on Heav'n alone rely;
Give peace to Afric; soothe her troubled breast;
For her lov'd sons thy firm resolves attest;
And should this Southern band—as soon they may—
Your favour seek, their flag respect to pay,
Tell them that Freedom bids them first of all
Their negro brethren free from tyrant thrall;
Or, join in compact to revise their plan,
And, henceforth, cease to traffic still in man.

TO THE MEMORY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT, DECEASED MARCH 16, 1861.

No longer now Afflictions hand to find,
So meekly borne—to Heaven's blest will resigned,
The Royal Maria sleeps; from out the tomb
The Saviour's love dispels the deepened gloom,
And whispering spirits wait the spot to guard,
To waft her upward for her great reward:

For whilst on earth, beyond th' allotted span,
Her life in one clear stream unsullied ran,
And, as it flowed, she trained her gentle child,
On whom the eye of heaven approving smiled;
The beauteous flower, uprear'd, by all as seen,
Became at length Great Britain's gracious Queen.

Let Hist'ry tell what glorious deeds were done,
Since her Royal daughter came to fill the throne;
Her wisdom, power, bespeak—aloud proclaim
Victoria and success are one—the same;
In peace, in war, in arts accomplished—all
Her people's love, so prized, that knows no fall;
In virtues as in rank exalted high,
The tongue of slander odious to defy;
In short, for worth intrinsic, see! she holds
The highest place that Britain's page unfolds.

Depriv'd of her whose love's maternal ray
So long had cheer'd her on her brilliant way;
Who had till late her guardian angel been
Throughout each varied and each trying scene,
Th' illustrious Queen, in Osborne's fam'd retreat,
Now courts seclusion her sad loss to meet;
The cruel sev'ring in her circle dear—
The first great sorrow in her life to bear;
But, oh! the bliss, in her fond breast, to know
How lov'd her mother Royal was here below;
How faithful in her duties, and how true
To man, to God, His holy will to do;
And now within the tomb she blissful sleeps,
While Britain o'er her mem'ry mournful weeps.

And now, the drooping Muse her tribute paid
To worth departed: peaceful rest her shade!

For her lov'd Queen, her sorrows sad to share,
In heartfelt numbers breathes her humble pray'r :—
" Oh ! may kind Heav'n her mourning spirit stay,
And grant her strength sufficient for her day ;
All grief removing wisdom still accord,
And promis'd blessings comfort to afford ;
And when at last her reign on earth shall cease
(Which long may Heav'n preserve in perfect peace),
May she ascend on wings of seraph love,
Her earthly crown exchange for one above,
Rejoin her sainted mother, now so blest,
In those bright realms of everlasting rest !"

These verses were laid before Her Majesty the Queen at the time of their first publication, and were graciously acknowledged through Sir Charles Phipps.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Oh ! blithesome is the voice of Spring,
And sweet the breath of flow'rs,
That, rising early, odours bring
To greet the sunny hours ;
And gladsome 'tis from forest green
The feather'd choir to hear,
As, cheerful 'neath the heav'n serene,
They chant their matins clear.

How pleasant too to list the sound
From out the valley low,
Where merry voices gather round,
Spring's welcome smiles to know ;

The babbling streams that downward glide,
The bleatings from the plain;
With thousand rural sounds beside
Attest her joyous reign.

But there's a voice—a still, small voice—
That breathes of peace and love,
And bids the humble soul rejoice—
The Day-spring from above;
Oh! may this voice new life impart,
Each needful aid supply,
As on we tread, with grateful heart,
True pilgrims for the sky.

THE SEA.

Hail! thou majestic mighty Sea,
Fond Fancy loves to gaze on thee
When smiling in thy sleep;
Or, when sublime thy billows roar,
In tempest rise and lash the shore,
And o'er thy bosom sweep.

Huge world of waters! whence thy source,
And whither tends thy wond'rous course—
Where ends thy wide domain?
O! where's the mind can mete thy span,
Thy depths, thou vast leviathan—
Thy birth-place knowledge gain?

Thy flowing is like human life,
Thy rage remorseless, and thy strife
On earth unequall'd is;

And when thou speak'st, at once thou'rt fear'd,
From sphere to sphere thy voice is heard,
For like the thunder 'tis.

What art thou?—What is there in thee
Compar'd with our own life to see?
Blind art thou—deaf—and old;
No pow'r of thought canst thou command,
Neither can we thee understand,
Who listen and behold.

Great as thou art, unconscious thou;
Of all thy greatness nought canst know,
Twin-born of matter!—bide,
Rest in thine own unfathom'd cave,
Dark and mysterious as the grave,
Mocking all human pride!

Strange! pond'rous Ocean! none but He
Who call'd thee from eternity
Thy secrets can disclose;
And if at thee we wond'ring gaze,
What must His pow'r conspire to raise
From whom creation rose?

THE PROSPECT WESTWARD.

Dark threat'ning clouds o'erspread the land
Beyond the Western sea,
And fierce Contention takes his stand
'Mongst those yclept the free;

And hosts, as if by magic, rise
From out the heaving ground,
For conflict dire; with wond'ring eyes
The nations gaze around.

The North—the South, in mutual rage
Are hast'ning to the fray,
And, if a war prolong'd to wage,
Will both repent the day;
Britannia gazes on the sight,
And hopeful breathes a prayer,
That still their banner, starry bright,
Uncrimson'd they may bear.

Amid the din of battle strife
Fell Slav'ry seems to sleep;
Or, sullen broods o'er scenes so rife
Her impious sway to keep;
While o'er her wide plantations all
A gloomy silence reigns;
What if the myriads held in thrall
Should rise and burst their chains?

Ah! not for scenes destructive—wild,
The Muse her voice would raise;
Be hers the theme, 'neath wisdom mild,
Discretion's steps to praise:
With cautious hand the bondsmen's chain
To break—to give release,
And o'er the troubled waters fain
To pour the oil of peace!

O! where's the man amongst thy race,
America so dear,
These tumults thus away to chase—
The flag of freedom rear?

If haply such were yours to find—
A master mind to own;
Around his temples Fame would bind
An amaranthine crown!

WELCOME TO FAIRY LAND.

(FOR MUSIC).

WELCOME, stranger, welcome free,
Blithesome fairy land to see;
While the moon so silv'ry bright
Spreads her beams with fond delight,
O'er each dewy field and brake,
And the stars with joy awake;
While the nightingale so sweet
Silent hours of midnight greet,
And the flow'rs of ev'ry hue
Ope their eyes so loving too.

See! the elfin train advance
Joyous in the mystic dance;
Now they tread the flow'ry mead,
Upward dart with lightning's speed,
Mounting higher, higher fly,
Sportive in the azure sky;
Gazing on the stars awhile,
Happy moments to beguile,
While their music, soft and clear,
Gently falls upon the ear.

Lo! the breezes from the west
Glide across the moon's fair breast,

And the light of heav'n new born
Slowly ushers in the morn;
Down the rev'llers sparkling come,
Each to his lov'd flow'ry home,
There to sleep till Luna's rays
'Gain invite the merry fays;
Oh! how pleasant 'tis and grand,
Thus to dream of fairy land.

THE FIRE FIEND; OR, THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN SOUTHWARK.*

Deeply brooding he sat, the fell Demon below,
'Neath the stores that lay piled up on high,
And he rose with a smile, all his terrors to show,
As the hemp and the jute caught his eye;
And he chuckl'd awhile, as he thought what a run
He would have in his ruthless career,
For he meant not to stop till his work he had done—
Till but black and charr'd walls should appear.

* The fire commenced at half-past four o'clock on Saturday, the 22nd of June, 1861, at Cotton's Wharf, Tooley Street, the property of a firm of which Mr. George Scovell was the principal partner. Mr. Braidwood was struck down by the upper part of the wall of a frontage of the second warehouse, and buried beneath some tons of brickwork; his friend Scott is supposed to have perished with him. Their deaths must have been instantaneous. The remains of the former, attended by an immense concourse of people, were interred on the Saturday following in Abney Park Cemetery. A beautiful tablet erected by the M, or Southwark, Division of the Metropolitan Police, is placed against the wall where the unfortunate man met his fate. The loss sustained by the fire is estimated at about £2,000,000.

So he breath'd his hot breath on the ready laid store,
And a cloud of thick smoke straight arose,
That increasing in volume a token now bore,
That the fiend in contempt held his foes;
Father Thames was asleep and low down in his bed,
And the water was long on its way,
While the firemen, at least so of some it was said,
Full one hour from labour were they.

Now with fury apalling upsprang the dread foe
'Mid the flames that burnt fiercely around,
And he leapt out the windows along you must know
With a roar that with force shook the ground;
It was then that poor Braidwood, the chief of brigades,
Was struck down with his friend—sad to state;
Breathe softly, oh! Muse—lasting peace to their shades,
Draw the veil o'er their heart-rending fate!

On, on, went the Demon, triumphant his flight,
Though the water now pour'd on in streams,
And he chuckled again as the day clos'd for night—
Gave a sneer at the moon's paly beams;
On the spot where he rag'd—to the east—to the west,
His fiery-red tongue he display'd,
And he scorched up the stores, from the worst to the best,
That the packers so closely had laid.

But the Demon grew wrath—more wrath than at first
When he found that the wind would not blow,
And he scowl'd, and he curs'd, and he gave a loud burst,
As a Demon when angry knows how;
For he meant, yes, he meant in the pride of his heart,
A far greater exploit to perform,
And he hop'd that Boreas, his aid to impart,
Would have rais'd a stiff breeze or a storm.

"Am I thus to be thwarted?" the Demon now spoke
(Though in accents not meant to be heard),
"Then, revenge be my aim, and I'll deal out a stroke
That shall render my name still more fear'd;
And I'll show to those mortals, throng'd gazing around,
Such a sight as was ne'er seen before,
I will burn that Old Thames, and I'll pledge myself bound
Not to stop till I have finish'd each store!"

Then he drew in his breath and round fierce roll'd his eyes,
That were glowing with fire so red,
And he darted his tongue, as if meant for the skies,
But he soon turn'd his impious head;
Not a spot was there now to be seen far and wide
But he lit with his terrible glare,
And he lick'd, as if thirsty, the river's scar'd tide—
Burnt and blister'd the barks that were there.

Thus for days—many days from the time he began,
The fierce Demon he tried all he knew,
But he still by Boreas was kept from his plan—
More destruction around for to do;
And now 'neath the ruin that smouldering lies—
In a vault that's low hid from the day,
There he breathes his hard breath, and with deep sunken eyes,
Like a serpent when sated with prey.

REMEMBRANCE.

How pleasant, Mary, 'tis to sit
Beneath this hawthorn tree,
And gaze upon the landscape round
While summer smiles so free;

To trace each spot our feet have trod
In youth's fond early day,
Ere yet the world its shadows cast
O'er life's uncertain way.

Along the banks of yon clear stream
That winding greets the vale,
How oft we've rambl'd side by side
And pour'd each love-felt tale!
Oft paus'd the flow'rets sweet to scan
That deck'd each varied scene,
Or musing list the song-birds blithe
From out their bow'rs so green.

And, see! the village church whose chimes
We've hail'd each Sabbath morn,
As sweetly round the woodlands they
By zephyrs soft were borne;
'Tis there Remembrance now would tell
We, Mary, pledg'd our love;
Though many years since then have fled,
Our hearts still faithful prove.

To yonder cot aside the hill
We visits, too, have paid,
The good old folks long since have slept—
Beneath the green turf laid;
And down within that shady grove
We oft have sought retreat,
When forth the sun, well-pleas'd to reign,
Display'd his noon-tide heat.

And hark, dear Henry, from the plain
What sounds familiar rise!
The cattle grazing cheerful low—
The lark ascends the skies;

The sheep-bell tinkling far is heard
From out the yellow mead,
And through the air—the welkin round,
The swallows twitt'ring speed.

Now downward slowly sinks to rest
The glorious orb from high,
Whilst o'er his bed his golden beams
Bestreak the azure sky;
Within their folds the sheep repose,
And mute each warbler's strain,
Save Philomel that wakeful keeps
To charm the night again.

O! Mary, dear, we'll not repine
Though soon we must away
To other scenes, far distant hence,
Perchance for years to stay;
But hopeful still, for our lov'd vale
We'll prayerful wishes raise,
That when return'd (if Heav'n permit)
We here may end our days!

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.*

The Sun his parting beams had spread
O'er Tamer's beauteous tide,
As down the West he sank to rest,
His golden head to hide;
Whilst peerless forth from out the east
The silver Moon did rise,
The harvest home with joy to bless,
And glad the nation's eyes.

* Intended as a sequel to the foregoing.

Within her cot that downward looked
Her own loved native vale,
The widow sat, devout to pore
The Scripture's wonderous tale;
The Saviour's love, his promised aid,
She humbly sought to find,
And oh! the light that inward broke
To soothe her troubled mind.

Her husband's loss, that late befell,
She, Mary, had to mourn,
And then her son—her only son,
From sea might ne'er return;
No tidings of him had she heard
Full three years long and more—
Since she and her dear partner came
From India's distant shore.

She closed the sacred page, and then
Uprose sweet sleep to take,
When through the window one she saw
Now standing at the gate;
She oped the door, and lo! a voice—
Her son's loved voice she knew;
A moment, then around his neck
Her arms she fondly threw.

"Yes, you're my son—my own dear son,"
The mother spoke her free,
"Blest be the hand of Providence
That brought you safe to me!
Yet, oh! the grief—but no, not now
The story sad I'll tell,
To-morrow you shall hear it all,
And yours I'll hear as well."

To-morrow came—the glorious Sun
Bespread his beams on high;
The widow's heart, though sorrowing still,
Was not devoid of joy;
Young Henry now with her would stay—
No more the seas to roam,
And long may Heaven—kind Heaven vouchsafe
To bless their cottage home!

LINES TO A GALLANT FRIEND.

Whilst some extol the warrior's name,
Though crimson'd is his crest,
And talk of mad Ambition's pow'r,
As worth in glory dress'd:—

Be mine the theme, the pleasing task,
Of generous deeds to sing,
Which hurt not but befriend mankind,
And from real virtue spring!

In Thames' fam'd river—southern side—
A youth was struggling seen,
Incautious, he'd beyond his depth
In bathing wafted been.

And threat'ning was the scene around,
No power to swim had he,
That useful art he ne'er had learnt,
And drown'd 'twas thought would be.

And could no friend, alas! be found,
A brother's life to save—
To rescue from impending fate—
The terrors of the grave?

There could; for prompt to Pity's call
One sprang the treacherous tide,
And fearless bore its destin'd prey
In safety by his side.

And other deeds of equal note
The self-same arm achieved;
So, honour'd for his gallantry,
A just reward received.

Nor shall the Muse unmindful prove—
The Hero's claim disown;
The highest praise that She can give
Be Lucey all thine own!

THE HARVEST.

The reaper's task is done; the teeming earth,
Now shorn of her rich burden, patient waits
The hand of Industry for further toil;
While, through the length and breadth of our lov'd isle,
The garners' plenteous stores attest withal,
The great Creator's providential care.
The meadows, too, so late in verdure clad,
The ready scythe has cleared, and crop on crop,

Well stacked around, bespeak no coming want,
At least, till Spring, fair-handed Spring, returns.
The Sun, the Moon, those glorious orbs of His,
Imparting genial heat to Nature's wants,
Maturing all, obedient to His will,
Unwearied shine, still beauteous as at first
As when from out the void He called them forth
To cheer and bless our hearths—our harvest home.

Thus, as of old, when on Arabia's waste
The bounteous Lord His wandering people fed
With manna sent from Heaven; or, when aside
Tiberias' stream, so famed in Holy Writ,
He wonderous spread with kindly hand His board,
The thousands feeding that with Him had stayed;
So now and onward to the end of Time,
His promise faithful He will steadfast keep,
And bread, the heart to strengthen, surely give.

Break forth, O! earth; ye mountains, valleys, streams;
Ye smiling pastures—lift your voices—sing;
With grateful hearts, ye reapers pour your joy,
And let the people all united join;
The God of nature and of grace proclaim—
In prayer and choral praises bless His Name!

TRIBUTARY LINES ON THE LATE RAILWAY COLLISIONS, 1861.

The Sun arose, with smiles the east away,
To usher in the Sabbath's hallowed day,
The calls of Labour free from busy care,
Returning rest to give—for all to share;
While upward pointing to the sky serene
Full many a spire shone brightly in the scene,
And soon upon the gentle breathing morn
The pleasant chimes for service would be borne;
Oh! sacred gift, on man bestow'd from High,
To teach him how to live and blissful die!

From Brighton town a lengthened train now came
(For Brighton still for pleasure keeps its name);
But who amongst that varied numerous throng
E'er dreamt the dangers of the line along;
Or thought, perchance, as blithe he drew his breath,
How soon, alas! might be th' approach of Death—
What scenes terrific yet appear in view
Ere he to London city safely drew?

'Twere needless here the awful scenes recall
That in the Clayton Tunnel did befall;
Within whose gloom, impervious to the day,
The tyrant Death remorseless held his sway;
Or, when some days from this, insatiate still,
He ruthless rose, his mission to fulfil
In London North—upon its rail to spread
His victims there—the dying and the dead;
Since, faithful to its trust, in columns bold
The Public Press the whole has clearly told;

Be hers the theme—the Muse's only aim
Her heartfelt sorrows for the dead proclaim,
From life so sudden—cruel snatched away,
Ere some 'tis feared had time to weep and pray,
And to the sufferers all, her tribute bring—
In truthful numbers sympathetic sing:

"Oh! spared by Heaven, such dreadful fate to share,
Be this (the Muse intreats) your earnest care;
Make Him, while yet you may, your guardian—friend,
Let all your prayers to Him devout ascend,
And as ye journey on life's devious way
His Sabbath reverence—'tis His Holy Day;
Thus, armed by Faith, all dangers ye may brave—
The sting from Death, the victory from the grave!"

THE FALLEN LEAF.

Emblem of life's short span, that flourish'd late
In beauty—health upon thy parent stem,
Thy verdant bosom spreading to the sun
As forth he came to light the Summer flowers,
That sweetly breathed upon th' enamoured air,
Oft blushing with delight, as sportive round
The Zephyrs played, whispering their tender love;
And now thou wither'd liest thy mates aside,
A pensive monitor in Autumn's reign;—
Though but an atom in creation's work,
Thy life an ample volume does unfold,
For all to read in thine instructive page,
And happy he who from thee counsel takes
As on he journeys to a better land,
For, like thyself, how soon he fades and dies!

THE PORTRAIT OF A GOOD MAN, DECEASED.

"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."
Psalm cxii, 16.

The Christian sleeps; the silent tomb
Is hallowed by his rest,
And when he wakes he'll rise above
To mansions of the blest.

For whilst on earth he walked with God,
He loved his brother man,
To do as he'd be done unto
He studious made his plan.

In all his duties here below
His piety we see,
Sincere, devout, affectionate,
In every thought was he.

His pleasure was the House of God
To enter—worship there,
And at the table of the Lord
To feast on Him with pray'r.

Nor there alone, at home as well
The Christian served the Lord,
By meditation, prayer and praise—
He read His Holy Word.

With liberal hand he gave to want;
His deeds his worth proclaim;
The poor—the sick—the blind—the dumb,
Would join to bless his name.

His days, like patriarchs of old,
To honoured age had run,
And numbered fourscore and six
When he his work had done.

O! may his kind and faithful heart
Our bright example be;
We mourn his loss, but yet rejoice
To think how blest is he!

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, DECEASED DECEMBER 21, 1861.

'Twas midnight past, when sudden on the ear
The solemn bell from yon majestic fane,
Toll'd out in measur'd tone the nation's grief—
The loss irreparable to our lov'd Queen.
And when the Sun uprose, around to spread
His glorious beams, to greet the Sabbath day,
What marks of sadness sat on ev'ry face
To know that her lov'd Consort was no more!
Then, as from out each goodly temple round
The summons came for sacred service due,
The people flock'd His Holy Word to hear,
From which alone true solace can be found,
Intent to learn, from reverend lips as well,
Of him for whom they now so deeply mourn'd.

But, oh! what tongue—what faltering tongue can tell
The poignant grief of our illustrious Queen,

When first to know the severing of that tie—
That holy tie that leaves her widow now!

Within those walls so famed for close retreat—
Imperial Osborne—she, Great Britain's Queen,
In mind unshaken, though by grief oppress'd,
Bewails his timeless fate whose virtues shone
So brightly round, dispensing good to all.
No blood-stain'd banner his, but peace and love
With genial influence spread his ev'ry path;
In science as in arts accomplish'd, he
His study made their standard high to raise;
Throughout the world Industry's hand to cheer,
And comfort give to every humble home.
Nor these alone his claims—his highest praise,
Of joys domestic he of all could tell,
And brighter still, in History's faithful page,
The noble Albert truly serv'd his God;
And now above his unbound spirit waits
The joyful resurrection from the tomb.

Oh! Thou, who in Thy sojourn here below
The troubled waters spoke to peaceful rest;
Whose advent late on earth in Heav'n supreme
Assembled saints and angels did proclaim—
Send down Thy Guardian Spirit from on high
To comfort and support our Lady—Queen,
Around to watch—to shield from every harm
Th' illustrious scions of her Royal house,
And bless with peace our own loved native isle!

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

The Prince having a short time since become possessed of a beautiful statuette of the boy Edward the Sixth, had it stationed somewhat conspicuously at the top of one of the grand staircases. In the hand of the Royal child was a sceptre, and it was so placed in that hand as to point to the representation of a Bible, and that passage indicated as follows:—2nd Chron., 34th chap., 1st and 2nd verses. The words, exquisite in their simplicity and written by the finger of God himself, are these:—"Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem one and thirty years. And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand nor to the left."—*Morning Advertiser.*

In Memoriam.

Lamented Prince! a nation's tears are thine,
A tribute just to thine intrinsic fame,
Around thy tomb unfading wreaths shall twine,
A halo bright encircle thy loved name.

Though titled lineage it was thine to own,
And thou the spouse of Britain's glorious Queen,
No pride of ancestry or power was known
To swell thy step or shade thy life serene.

But forward in the path of duty thou
Didst keep the noiseless tenor of thy way,
Lit by that light thy Christian worth to show,
That shineth more and more to perfect day.

Illustrious Prince!—with holy wisdom fraught,
The ways of piety so duteous trod;
Thy life adorned the faith thy precepts taught;
Thy loved ones reared to serve their Father—God.

How happily, too, didst thou with skilful art,
Each pious thought on youthful Albert raise;
On Sacred Scripture, wise, engage the heart;
Proclaim the great—the good Josiah's praise!

Farewell loved Prince! be ours as thine the strain,
The "Rock of Ages"* that for thee was riv'n;
'Twas ours of late to hail the New Year's reign,
And thine to gain the victor's crown in Heav'n!

* It is said that this beautiful hymn of Toplady's proved not only the stay and comfort of the lamented deceased during his illness, but was appropriated by him in all its saving and gospel power.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

The last sad scene now o'er, and he at rest
Whose loss severe a nation's tears attest,
What now remains Great Britain's sons to do,
Their lasting honor to his memory show,
To mark their sense of his exalted fame,
And down with Time transmit Prince Albert's name?

Let observation with inquiring mind
Each record scan, his merits just to find;
When first he came, a stranger in the land,
And gallant won the Queen Victoria's hand;
How, studious to the end, he strove to prove
Himself the friend of all with whom to move,

As one with them in every useful art,
Fair Science—Knowledge—wisely to impart;
His motto "Progress," and he forward mov'd;
In purpose firm—by soul serene approv'd—
Industry's banner rais'd the world to join,
And Labour tried with comfort to combine,
To spread contentment—peace—through our loved isle,
And genius welcome with approving smile:
Nor these alone his generous deeds to find;
He sought t' improve the welfare of mankind—
The flag of Freedom o'er each clime unfurl,
And Thraldom's chain from tyrant-hand to hurl.

Though brief the lines, what needful more to tell,
The noble Prince a model was as well
Of duty and affection; love sincere
His every path bespread for all to share;
He trained his lov'd ones in the way he trod,
And humbly taught them how to serve their God.

Behold! yon palace, beauteous to the sight,
Replete with art on Sydenham's favour'd height,
'Tis but a part his ardent zeal to show,
The second reared, the third how soon to know
That westward stands, but mournful greets the eye
Its founder gone, and who'll his place supply?—
Kind Providence a patron sure will raise,
God speed the work to Albert's endless praise.

And now with thoughts devout we'll lift our eyes,
Upraise the finger pointing to the skies,
For him whose aspirations were for all,
So good—so high, that never knew a fall;
Though other climes may boast their sculptured store—
Triumphal arches—War's dread spoils the more,

Be this our aim—our tribute just to pay,
To Peace—to Art—to Science; this our day,
We'll massive columns raise to his lov'd name—
The princely Albert, type of all proclaim;
But not with Babel pride! 'twill be our care
The smiles of Heaven to seek by earnest pray'r;
Thus may each effort with success be crown'd,
And Britain's glory spread the world around.

WINTER CHARITIES.

THOUGH Winter's frowns till now have prov'd
Less threatening and severe—
Perchance more lenient to the poor
Than many a by-gone year,
Yet Want and Misery still have crept
With stealth their threshold o'er,
And oh! the scenes the pen could tell,—
Let *one* suffice—not more.

In street becrowded—loathsome room—
Five children late were found,
And three no clothing on them had,
Save lining coarse tied round;
And these, outside their dark abode,
Four dreary months and more
Had never been, refreshing air
To breathe from Nature's store.

No bedding in the room was seen,
Nor food nor fire was there,

The mother had to workhouse gone,
Fresh sorrow soon to share;
The father, he in search of work
Had gone—if found, to do;
Oh! what a home back to return,
In land of plenty, too.*

Ye working clergy—honour'd name;
Ye faithful servants—all
Who kindly on the poor attend,
Press on your Heavenly call;
Note ye each spot where Duty leads,
Each sufferer's wants to scan;
Oh! raise the work of Charity
By every means you can.

And ye† who hand in hand are join'd
The poor to aid—to bless,
May every effort kind of yours
Be crown'd with great success;
Ye, too, who houses have and lands,
And tenants 'neath your sway,
Be this your plan—with brother man
Fell Misery's steps to stay.

Let all who here have pelf in store
Their humble neighbours aid,
For know that they from out the land
Shall never cease, 'tis said;
Give nobly ye of boundless wealth,
As God to you has giv'n,
Those whom the poor shall love on earth
Shall dwell with Him in Heav'n!

* See extracts published by the Secretary of the Field Lane Refuge.

† The Society for the Relief of Distress.

THE HARTLEY COLLIERY CATASTROPHE.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Alas! what scenes afflictive life displays
As on we journey to complete our days;
But late the nation's loss was ours to feel,
For noble Albert heartfelt grief reveal;
And then, ere scarce our tears for him were dry,
What clouds arose again to meet the eye,
From Hartley's village bitter cries to hear,
From mothers 'reft of husbands—children dear;
And, oh! how sad the story to relate,
Cut off—entombed by one fell stroke of fate!

Toward the spot, that now in History's page
In dark relief will stand from age to age,
The mind instinctive turns, the past to trace,
And ponder mournful o'er the death-like waste;
Adown the chasm deep the eye to cast,
And gather wisdom from the awful past;
Then inward look, reflecting on the day
When we from life may, too, be called away;
And so, in faith—repentance—seek by pray'r
Eternal blessings from above to share.

In depths profound what scenes are those to scan,
When first the pitmen they their work began,
When, like a thunder-bolt from Heaven, there fell
Th' iron-beam fragment, twenty tons to tell,
The shaft to choke, ascending miners sweep
Tremendous down beneath one mighty heap
With frightful impress, sealing with its woe
The doom-struck inmates in the gulph below!

But oh! what tongue can tell—what Muse recite
The gloomy terrors of that dungeon night,
When hundred two, and more, men—youths—in bloom
Were thus consigned untimely to the tomb,
To die by famine, or, more subtle still,
By deadly "stythe," its mission to fulfil?
No wives—no mothers dear with gentle breath
To whisper comfort in the hour of death,
To close their eyes, so cruel hid from day,
Aside their dying husbands—children pray!
Yet still by hope inspired, amid the throng
What signs of life had spoke the seam along—
What efforts tried three days alas! to rise
And hail the Sun beneath their native skies!

Upon the bank what efforts, too, were made
To ope the passage to the death-cold shade,
By day—by night, each numbering ten and more,
The workmen strove the captives to restore
To life—to home—to liberty and love,
As brethren kind their Christian zeal to prove;
And here would Memory fond with truth proclaim
The gallant Adams—Watson dear to fame,
Who ventured life his dying mates to cheer—
To soothe and comfort them by earnest prayer.

The shaft now cleared—the charnel oped to light,
What scenes of horror mingling met the sight,
Where Death remorseless had his victims spread
In rows on rows the young and old were laid;
Here children in their father's arms reclined,
There brothers closely arm in arm were joined,
And uncles—nephews, too—in groups were there
The fatal "choke damp" in the vault to share,
Some sitting—standing, various forms to view,
As when at rest from work, hard work to do;

No signs of conflict with th' insidious foe,
No mental anguish pictured there to know,
But placid all, as if, intent on prey,
Death quiet crept and stole their lives away!

And then what thrilling scenes were brought to view,
As out the pit the dead they upward drew,
In coffins placed and homeward slowly ta'en,
To ope, alas! the fount of tears again;
With deepened woe to spread each cottage near,
The widows' cries in piercing tones to hear,
As when at Rama, Rachel wept her slain,
By echo wafted o'er famed Gibeah's plain;
Nor ceased their wails till now at last to tell,
The dead were laid within their narrow cell:
Breathe soft, ye winds, from out the village round,
The weary sleep in Earsdones hallow'd ground!

Oh! Thou, whose love transcendent knows no end,
Who art indeed the suffering mourner's Friend,
Send down Thy gracious Spirit from on high
To comfort give and needful aid supply;
To lead the humble in their trial of woe,
To look to Thee from whom all blessings flow;
And may the people all this stroke to see,
With hands uplifted raise their hearts to Thee
For mercies past; their cheerful offerings give,
The widows and the orphans poor relieve;
Thus, fearless may they 'neath Thy shadow stay,
From nightly terrors and from shafts by day,
Till from the grave the ransomed shall be free,
And upward spring to life and liberty.

REFLECTIONS ON THE RECENT CALAMITY AT HARTLEY.

See! the fountain of tears that at Hartley was streaming,
Like the waters betroubled has sunken to rest,
For the Spirit of love, with an eye gracious beaming,
Has descended to comfort the mourners distressed.

And the tide of a bounty replete to o'erflowing,
From the Queen to the peasant, 'tis theirs now to know;
Yes, she rose, and God bless her! her gifts kind bestowing,
The poor sufferers to aid, from the depths of her woe.

Oh! 'tis deeds such as these shall uphold thee in glory,
Thou lov'd Britain, the land of the good and the free,
And in letters of gold light the page of thy story,
Far exceeding in lustre War's triumphs to see.

May we all as a people, high favoured—united,
In each scene of life's sadness God's blessings still share,
'Neath His banner stand manful, in Christian love plighted,
Ever serve Him right faithful in praises and prayer.

Thus prepar'd, may we smile at the craft of the Spoiler,
On the Lord while depending His grace to supply,
Till the soul, as a bird from the snare of the fowler,
Shall escape and mount up to its home in the sky!

THE HARTLEY MINER'S DREAM.

Come, Annie, sit you down by me,
The fire burns bright and clear,
While, list! along the twilight plain
The wind moans shrill and drear;
And I'll relate to you a dream
I had but yester night—
Of scenes that then so solemn rose
Before my wondering sight.

I dreamt, yes, Annie, from your side
I'd sudden wafted been
Adown the mine—mysterious borne
To view the death-blast scene;
And O! the sight that met my eye,
The havoc there was spread,
As fitful round the furnace cast
Its flames to light the dead.

Here—there—in scattered groups were laid
Full many a comrade known,
Who, down the pit their work to do,
Three days before had gone;
There, too, within his uncle's arms
Reclined our only boy,
No more a father's hopes to cheer,
Nor thine—a mother's joy.

I knelt beside our own loved son—
My brother Will—no more,
And wept o'er each, so cold in death,
Though peaceful smiles he wore,

And up to Heav'n, with streaming eyes,
I breath'd my humble prayer,
When, lo! a light broke through the gloom
To spread its glory there.

And then a still, small voice I heard,
'Twas soft and silvery—clear,
No music ever half so sweet
Came soothing on the ear;
I upward looked, when near a form,
'Twas beauteous to behold,
Stood gazing on me smiling down,
With locks of burnished gold.

"Mourn not their fate," the Angel said,
"For now they sleep in peace;
They cried to Him in their distress,*
Whose mercies never cease;
'Tis He who smoothes the bed of death,
Adown the darksome mine
As well as on the earth above,
Where stars so brilliant shine.

Yes, know the love of God supreme
No height—no depth can stay,
He spoke the word, and lo! the void
From darkness turned to day;
Let man but serve Him here below,—
Obey His precepts giv'n,
And he shall mount on eagle's wings,
And dwell with Him in heav'n!"

* Among the interesting facts which have transpired in the late inquest on the victims of the frightful accident, was one indicated by a memorandum found in the pocket of one of the sufferers, viz., that the third night of the living entombment of the miners, they held a solemn prayer meeting.

The Angel ceased, and as I look'd
Again his form to view,
He, in an orb of melting light,
From me enraptured drew,
And I was wond'rous borne aloft
From out the vault as well,
Till by your side, my Annie, dear,
I woke the tale to tell.

O! Annie, in this dream may we
The hand of Heaven discern,
And strive while here, so short to stay,
His sacred will to learn;
And though dark clouds may intervene
To hide His smiling face,
We still may trust in Him for aid—
His never failing grace.

O! yes, dear John, we'll upward look
To God whose name is love,
In prayer and praises serve Him here
As angels do above;
And when at last, in His good time,
We hence be called away,
May we rejoin our sainted child,
And live to endless day!

TRIBUTARY LINES TO GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ., THE GREAT PHILANTHROPIST.

"I was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. I was a father to the poor."—Job xxix, 15—16.

O! JOYFUL news, that late was wafted round,
To greet famed London as with seraph sound—
To aid the poor, deserving, halt and blind,
The broken-down, afflicted, sad, to find—
To pour sweet music on the stricken ear,
Misfortune's sons with hopeful joy to cheer—
To feed the hungry, healthy homes to give,
And bid the outcast upward look and live;
This—this, the object of his generous soul,
Whose kindness planned and nobly gave the whole,
A treasure great, amassed with wisdom—care,
By fortune favoured, theirs alone to share;
The gift, perchance, unequalled in the page
Of Britain's story, scanned from age to age;
O! thought sublime; O! self-denying name;
Now he, good man, these lines would pleased proclaim.

But view his life (though many years in store
Of earthly bliss be his to find the more!)
When first at Danvers* he, his worth to show,
The streams of learning needful caused to flow;
An institution formed, with library free,
For all to profit and more happy be;
And then, when many a year had useful fled,
His bounteous hands at Baltimore were spread;
In native land, for ever dear to Fame,
As now throughout the world is his loved name:

* In the State of Massachusetts.

No narrow views—no sectary's whim he knew,
All party bias from his mind he threw,
Nor like Dunbar nor Thellusson was he,
Who hugged their wealth—no friends to poverty;
But like our Howard great he kept his plan,
From out his garner served his brother man;
Where'er, in short, his footsteps pressed the sod,
He faithful strove to please his Father—God,
Till here at length, by Heaven's directing ray,
He haply came 'mongst Britain's sons to stay,
And be it spoken to his endless praise,
A love undying in their bosoms raise!

O! what reward be his, the Muse would fain
In heartfelt numbers ask, at last to gain,
Whose stores, oases like amid the waste
He here bespread, the pilgrims' feet to trace,
Aside the stream, within the grateful shade
To rest awhile by Labour weary laid,
That so refreshed might reach their destin'd home,
To dwell in peace for endless years to come?

In yon bright world where Zion's city stands—
The new Jerusalem, not raised with hands;
Where living waters clear as crystal flow,
Around His throne 'tis life alone to know;
Where hosts angelic tune their golden lyres,
And sing the song the Lamb of God inspires,
There shall the Pæan lays be rapturous sung,
Hail, brother, hail! thy earthly task is done—
Rise, Christian, rise! thy palm of victory's won.

A copy of the above having been sent to Mr. Peabody on the 26th April, 1862, the author had the honor of receiving from that gentleman a very gratifying reply, accompanied by the presentation of his *carte de visite*.

RETURN OF SPRING.

O! WHAT heart does not feel
More than words can reveal
When the rude reign of Winter is gone—
When the flowerets of Spring
Their sweet incense round fling,
And so joyously greet the fresh morn.

When the trees of the wood
That through Winter had stood
All the keen biting frost from the north,
Now assume a bright hue
Quite delightful to view,
As their leaves they spread verdantly forth.

There's the staunch evergreen
That 'neath storms had been seen
So dejected and sad in his bed,
With his mates standing by
That were bare, stript, and dry,
See! each now lifts his beautiful head.

List! the caroling choirs,
That had stayed their sweet lyres,
Again tune their glad voices in love,
And all nature looks gay,
As, indeed, well she may,
While the Sun shines so bright from above.

But more precious and dear
To the soul that's sincere
Are the joys that sweet friendship bestows,

When the Spring-tide of smiles
All its sorrow beguiles
As it drinks from the stream as it flows.

And, see! the bright flowers
Bespangling the bowers,
Oh! what joy 'tis our lot to find more;
For, though stern blew the blast,
Withering many it passed,
There's abundance of bliss still in store.

Let us raise our thoughts high
To yon orient blue sky—
To the land golden bright far away;
Where sweet Spring ever reigns
In those Heaven-bound plains,
And no darkness o'ershadows the day.

LINES ON THE OPENING OF THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, MAY 1, 1862.

Welcome May with all thy flowers,
Moistened fresh with April showers,
Ushering in the day when we
The Exhibition grand may see;
The world's great fair, where Science—Art—
Their stores from every clime impart,
A marvellous feast to greet the eye
As e'er was seen beneath the sky!

But see! the high assembled band
Proceed in state to take its stand,

Within the walls to seek with care
A blessing to the nation's prayer;
In choral harmony to sing
To Him who over all is King,
Ere wide its portals open throw,
Its treasures vast for all to know:—
Thus, when on Salem's favoured height
The Temple beauteous rose to sight,
The chosen people joyful came
Its dedication to proclaim—
With instruments of music raise
A tribute to Jehovah's praise.

Now list! from out the eastern dome
The thousand voices sweetly come,
And upward mount to spread the skies
A grateful incense—sacrifice,
Whilst o'er yon placid silvery tide
The gentle zephyrs murm'ring glide,
As, seated on their verdant spires,
The feathered minstrels tune their lyres,
And Sol right glad no cloud to see
Shines forth to grace the jubilee.

O! if from yon bright realm of light
A spirit thence may take his flight
And downward come—the world review—
His holy errand here to do,
Then may the thought be far from vain,
That Albert good is 'mid the train,
Rejoicing now to see his scheme
For man approved by Heav'n supreme.

Then comes the herald trumpets' sound
To tell the gates are opened round,

When forward press the gathered throng
To fill the trophied courts along,
With soul intense around to gaze,
Industry's hive—its cells to trace;
To note each work of genius fine
Therein displayed by art divine,
And cherish high stern Labour's hand,
The love of peace in every land.

Ah! how unlike to days of yore,
When Rome imperial tyrants bore,—
When, hastening to the giant pile—
The Colosseum—there to while
Away their hours, the myriads went,
On scenes of slaughter morbid bent,
Intent to gaze on deadly strife,
View man with beast contend for life;
Or, more insensate, greedy scan
The blood-stain'd conflict—man with man;
With shouts exultive rend the sky
To see a gladiator die!

O! Britain, favoured land of all
Upon this wide terrestrial ball,
May Wisdom from above descend,
Thy course from age to age attend
With Science, Art, as seen to-day,
To spread the earth with genial sway;
Dread War and Carnage bid to cease,
And bear the olive branch of Peace;
Be this thy mission, highly giv'n,
To ev'ry nation under Heav'n!

SPRING FLOWERS.

Hail! lovely flowers, earth's starry pride,
That rise to greet the eye,
With blushes soft your bosoms wide
To ope beneath the sky.
Oh! ye are still beloved as when
In youth's fond early day,
Though many a changeful scene since then
Has fled with time away.

Yes, ye are prized, and precious stored,
At each blithe Spring to see,
As fresh ye come from Nature's hoard—
Your Maker's hand so free;
With chastened thought the soul to fill
With unexpressed delight,
While grateful round with incense still,
Ye spread your gems so bright.

On ye would Memory joyous dwell,
Perfection's form to view,
Your beauty exquisite to tell,
Your charms so varied too;
Nor, these alone—ye heralds are
Of white-robed peace and joy;
Ye bid us calm contentment share,
Our thoughts on Heaven employ.

Ye violets sweet in vesture blue,
Adorned with golden crown,
Are emblems apt of Faith so true
That brings rich blessings down;

And, in ye hawthorn's fragrant store
We cheering Hope may see,
Ye woodbines wreathing speak the more
Of Love or Charity.

Unfold, fair nymphs, your graces all,
In Flora's bounteous reign,
As duteous round the zephyrs rise,
To breathe their love again;
While prayerful we will upward look,
A Father's love discern,
Who placed ye in Creation's book
That all may read and learn!

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.*

In distant land where lofty Andes rise
To greet the Sun within the southern skies,
Whose lengthened shores the broad Pacific laves,
And oft intrusive spreads his giant waves,
There, as around each season pleasure brings,
And night o'er all his sable mantle flings,
This constellation bright above is seen,
Inclined, erect, at times the clouds between,
By natives viewed, of Faith the sign to bear,
That in the world (the new) was planted there.

So, as when o'er the Ocean's bosom wide
The weary seaman onward stems the tide,

* This constellation, which consists of a group of stars in the form of a cross, is situated about 185 degrees longitude and 16 degrees latitude, and is known to every nation living beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere.

In gallant bark, 'neath pennon floating gay,
His home to gain, with his loved ones to stay,
If haply he beholds afar or near
The Southern Cross, what joys are his to share!
He upward looks, there sees his guide and friend,
Whilst down his cheeks the grateful tears descend,
Views his loved cot, though distant, safe to see,
And breathes a prayer for home and liberty.

Or, if across the desert wide and drear,
That spreads from Lima to Truxillo near;
Or, o'er the high savannas ranging far,
The traveller's guides discern the well-known star;
How oft with rapture they've been heard to cry,
While gazing upward on their time-piece high,
"Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend,
Now daylight soon our footsteps will befriend!"

But there's a Star, to regions not confined,
That shines to greet the whole of human kind,
Whose glorious beams around the world display
A light refulgent as the orb of day,
To sight revealing—oh! what scene sublime,
A wonderous cross that knows no change of time,
No fading lustre, nor will cease the same,
Till every tongue confess—its power proclaim;
We hail this Star, this Day-spring high as seen,
That o'er immortal Bethlehem smiled serene,
And may no other cross our glory be
Than this which first was raised on Calvary!

THE BRIDAL DAY, JULY 1, 1862.

"Bring, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year,
And let me thence a garland frame."

SHENSTONE.

SWEET breathed the morn; the sun arose
His golden beams to spread,
And upward sprang each beauteous flower
Her incense round to shed;
While blithesome out their verdant beds
The feathered minstrels came,
To greet with song the balmy hours,
And Summer joys proclaim.

In yon famed isle, where quiet stands
Imperial Osborne high,
That downward looks the Channel wide,
Whose waters ripple by,
Two noble hearts this day were joined,
Loved Alice, Princess fair,
And Louis, Prince of Hesse, good,
To each royal circle dear.

Waft—waft, ye winds, the grateful strain
To regions far away,
Where all who love Britannia's name
May hail their bridal day;
All join as one—a nation's prayer,
That bliss to them be given
While here on earth ordained to stay,
And afterwards in Heaven!

Oh, gentle Lady, dear to all,
  Victoria—gracious Queen!
May this event thy bosom cheer—
  Its sadness turn serene;
Through all the clouds that gathered late
  Around thy peaceful throne,
See! He, who is thy guardian—friend,
  His goodness still makes known.

Thus, when on yonder glorious orb
  He partial spreads His veil,
To shade at times that face so bright
  That smiles o'er hill and dale;
'Tis but His power—His love to show
  From out His wonderous store,
For soon, how soon, the light returns
  As radiant as before!

LINES ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY TO GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ.

'Tis well; and nobly he the gift deserves
Whose generous soul from out his gathered store
So bounteous gave, dispensing good to all,
The poor to aid—domestic peace impart,
And cheer the weary on their journey home:
This—this—he planned in manhood's joyous hour,
And onward cherished with devotion true,
Till Heaven, that smiles on every good intent,
Vouchsafed at length to bless him with success.

How oft when silence pleased has reigned around
(The Muse would fain indulge the pious thought),
His soul has held communion with his God;
While whisperings soft, as from a seraph's voice,
Came wafted down in answer to this prayer!—
"Oh, Thou, by whom each good and perfect gift
Is downward sent; Whose power alone canst give
Abundance here, and grace to use it right,
Shoud'st Thou to me Thy blessing, Lord, extend,
May I in trust the talent faithful hold,
And give to others as Thou gav'st to me!"

And now, with anxious eye he's gazing far
O'er ocean wave, that sweeps the troubled west—
His native land, to memory ever dear,
To which, perchance, ere long he may depart,
The harbinger, 'tis hoped, of lasting peace.

Behold yon orb that shines so glorious bright,
From every object slow collecting round
Each particle minute of vapours spread
O'er nature's face, and then, as down he sets
The grateful tribute, smiling to return,
The parching earth to fertilize—refresh;
So he, good man, when called will blissful rest,
While free from out his gifted treasure still,
The precious grain which labour long had gained,
Will down descend, and sprinkling bless with fruit
Full many a generation thence to come!

BRITANNIA'S LAMENT.

O'ER the ocean's wide bosom that westward is gliding,
Britannia is gazing with deepened regret,
For the land where her kindred in strife are abiding,
Alas! with the blood of its freemen is wet.

And the star-spangled banner that floated so proudly
Less buoyant is seen in the air scared around,
While the bond of the union they boasted so loudly
Is rent, and in fragments bescatter the ground.

From the north to the south the whole earth is upheaving,
And myriads are hastening again to the fray;
But how many, 'tis asked, in their frenzy now steering,
Will live to proclaim the events of the day?

"Think ye not for a moment this rupture brings pleasure,"
Britannia now spoke from the depth of her heart,
"Ah! to see thee thus wasting thy life's blood—best treasure—
This stage of thy story no joy can impart.

"Better far had it been if thou'dst stooped to concession,
Thou still would'st been great and the pride of the free,
Than as thus to have caused such distress to each nation,
'Tis mine beyond others, perchance, now to see.

"Oh! it grieves me to think of the hardships prevailing,
The want of supply of the needful to bear,
And the cries of starvation my ears still assailing,
This—this must be seen to—demands my first care.

"And then soon, on yon shore, where the war fierce is raging,
I jointly must look, for on me they've some claim,
For a measure, 'tis hoped, that may prove quite assuaging,
But which it is needless at present to name."

Then Britannia left speaking, and forthwith descended
The rock she had chosen that looked o'er the main,
As the strains of soft music with voices sweet blended
Came wafted to greet her below on the plain.

THE PARTING SPIRIT.

FOUNDED ON A REAL INCIDENT.

At length to pain, to fell disease a prey,
That soon alas! wears life's frail thread away,
Th' afflicted youth now felt his time draw nigh
When he must yield his long-last parting sigh,
A sad farewell to take from all that's dear—
Kind friends, whose love he knew was most sincere,
And parents fond, who had with pious care,
Watched o'er his couch, his every grief to share,
Each urgent want, e'er studious to relieve,
And sweetest counsel to the sufferer give.

But he, blest gift! by stern affliction's rod,
Had learnt the way that upward leads to God,
In pure religion's hallowed reign to know
How brief—how fleeting are life's scenes below,
And, so, his heart he'd set on things above,
Whence flows the fountain of eternal love;

And well he knew as through the waters he
At last must pass, his Saviour, guide would be,
Conduct him safe to Canaan's happy shore,
Where nought adverse could e'er afflict him more.

'Twas thus his soul enshrined in mortal clay
Pursued its course by Heaven's directing ray;
And though each hour proclaimed his time drew near,
The youthful Christian felt no cause for fear,
But cheerful 'neath the cross he bore so true,
Prepared to leave—to bid the world adieu;—
Thus when good Simeon saw the glorious light
That on the Saviour's advent shone so bright,
He joyous hailed the Day-spring from above,
And prayed the Lord his presence to remove,
That so approved might reach his native home,
And dwell in peace for endless years to come.

And now as evening shadows gathered round,
And Autumn's leaves dry, withered, spread the ground,
Within the room, by suffering sacred made,
The dying youth by Death's cold hand was laid;
Aside his bed his weeping parents stood,
The moments short to watch o'er him so good,
To pour their hearts in humble— fervent prayer,
That bliss immortal might be his to share,
And that, when called, triumphant they might rise
To greet their loved-ones in th' Elysian skies;
When, lo! his voice expiring—last to hear
Came softly stealing on their stricken ear:—
"Mourn not, oh! father ever dear to find,
And mother loved, the best of woman-kind,
For 'neath this frame—this feeble frame of mine
His arms I feel—the Lord of life divine,
Who will not leave me 'ere the work be done,
Till yon bright world above be joyous won,

When I my sister shall rejoin at rest,
Amongst the hosts of angels there so blest;
And oh! whilst in this vale of tears to bide,
May Heaven, dear parents, o'er your steps preside
That you at last may too this bliss attain,
And we shall meet, nor ever part again."

LINES TO GARIBALDI.

Illustrious chieftain—patriot dear to all
Whom Freedom loves; at whose oft thrilling call
Thou prompt didst rise, her banner bright unfurl,
And triple thraldom from his seat to hurl,
To break the fetters—set the prisoners free
By tyrant held in dungeon misery,
And o'er thy suffering country—beauteous land,
To spread contentment, peace, with liberal hand;
Unite as one, a kingdom great in fame,
And raise the glory of Italia's name!

'Twas thus like Tell, to memory ever dear,
And Bruce whom Scotia's freemen so revere,
Thou onward prest—heroic held thy way,
'Neath Hope's all cheering and inspiring ray,
Till late, perchance, by dastard hands betrayed,
Thy noble efforts for a time were stayed,
And thou a captive sad, alas! to tell
Wast wounded borne, and cast in felon cell;
While from on high the scene fair Freedom viewed,
Breathed forth a sigh, and tears her cheeks bedewed.

Let Turin—Aspromonte now declare,
How came such deeds to be enacted there;
When blood Italian, as by thee made known,
'Twas thine to save, although they shed thine own,
'Gainst foreign bands thine arm alone to raise,
And bid them back their steps intrusive trace,
No longer stay, inglorious waste their time,
But seek for service in another clime,
That loved Italia from their presence free
Might upward spring to life and liberty.

Oh! may kind Heaven his healing power bestow,
That thou may'st rise thy wonted health to know,
May'st boldly stand, a patriot ever true,
Each false accuser face to face to view;
Uphold thine honour, and the cause maintain
Of sacred Freedom, o'er the land to reign;
Meantime the myriads wait to see the end,
To greet thee, hero, of mankind the friend,
And Fame exultive from above to spread
A wreath immortal 'round thy favoured head.

THE HARVEST HOME, 1862.

The harvest home! the harvest home!
How sweet the words like music come,
  Delightful on the ear;
They bear a charm for all to prize,
And tell of blessings from the skies,
  Our hearts with joy to cheer.

Throughout our land so good and fair,
What plenty now is ours to share,
By Autumn spread so free;
The garners full of ripened corn,
The yellow ricks the fields adorn—
A goodly sight to see!

The grateful earth freed from her store
Her bosom opes to yield the more,
And future offerings bring;
When cradled through the Winter drear,
The tender nurslings will appear,
To greet the virgin Spring.

And hark! from yonder village round,
The reapers' merry voices sound,
For now their work is done;
And lads and lasses on the green,
In rural sports are blithsome seen,
While smiles the setting Sun.

Within the cots that skirt the plain,
There, too, do mirth and pleasure reign—
The young—the old, are gay;
All, all, to Ceres fair are known,
Now free from toil, dull care disown,
To celebrate the day.

O! may we in this hour of joy,
Our thoughts upon the poor employ—
The sufferers in the land;
And of our substance kindly give,
As we from Heaven do so receive,
With no begrudging hand.

Thus, may we hope with humble prayer,
The favour of the Lord to share,
When He at last shall come,
With all the angel-reapers down,
To gather in the sheaves—His own,
To join His harvest home!

THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

In yonder sky that westward lies,
A little cloud was seen to rise,
And 'ere few minutes swift had fled
It o'er th' expanse of heaven had spread;
Then plenteous out its gathered store
It downward sent a genial shower,
To moisten—fertilize the earth,
And bless the seedling in its birth;
The Sun arose in bright array
And smiled upon it as it lay,
It upward sprang, and o'er the ground,
Its verdant branches spread around—
A shelter, where from heat to come
The fowls of heaven might find a home.

Beside his mother, full of joy,
There stood a little smiling boy,
Who from her lips in accents sweet
A song of Zion did repeat,
Knelt at her feet, and prayed awhile
That Heaven would on his parents smile,
Would bless mankind—His grace impart,
And keep him from temptation's art,

That he at length when called might rise
To bliss immortal in the skies.
And when he'd years attained the more
He studious turned to classic lore,
But still Religion, heavenly maid!
In every thought his bosom swayed,
And oft with soul devout, serene,
He in a Sabbath school was seen,
(Blest institution kindly given,
To teach the young the way to Heaven!)
While 'round him stood his words to hear
A little group of children dear,
As early he, his zeal to prove,
Proclaimed the Saviour's wonderous love.

And now, when Time to manhood's age
Had onward fled in life's short page,
Within the sanctuary of the Lord
He there was heard to preach His Word;
Of righteousness, and temperance tell,
And judgment hence to come as well;
And that same mother, too, was there,
Who'd watched his steps with pious care,
And taught him first his course to frame—
To lisp Emanuel's sacred name:
Her hair with Winter frosts was hoar,
Her cheeks full many a furrow bore;
Yet on her brow sat meekness true,
In token of the peace she knew,
And from her eye there dropt a tear,
That glistened still with love sincere;
As she, perchance, with memory nigh,
Reflected on the days gone by,
When he (a faithful servant now),
Arose to life, her love to know,

When on her lips he'd rapturous hung,
And list the wisdom of her tongue;
Oft asking how he good could be
In childlike love—simplicity!

O! this the harvest rich indeed,
The goodly sheaves from precious seed,
That was in weeping doubtless sown,
A mother's toil, her love to own,
Whose silvery locks ne'er brought shall be
With sorrow down the grave to see;
But who from out her bower of rest
Her son shall see, who'll call her blest,
And greet her at the last in peace—
In Heaven, where hope shall bounteous cease,
And prayer be changed to joyful praise
That shall endure to endless days.

LINES ON THE CLOSING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

ASSEMBLED now, the choral train
Prepares to celebrate the day,
To raise to Heaven the cheerful strain,
The nation's tribute just to pay,
For blessings past 'twas its to share,
And close with thanks the World's Great Fair.

There, too, perchance, the goodly band,
Or, some at least whose works are known,
Whom Genius with no sparing hand
Has marked them for his chosen own,
That Fame in History's truthful page
Will downward send from age to age.

The wonderous stores of arts divine
That myriads rapturous on have gazed,
The sculptures chaste—inventions fine,
The beauteous scenes on canvas raised,
All—all—how soon from that charmed spot
Will taken be—but ne'er forgot!

What though removed? afar or near
Their presence still will hopes supply,
The hands of Industry to cheer,
The soul aspiring raise on high,
Will heralds prove of Peace the same,
And "Albert Good" through time proclaim.

Nor these alone; around the world
Britannia's name will wafted be,
Till every region yet untold
In her protectress sure will see,
And o'er the waves that greet each shore
Her peaceful flag shall wave the more.

But hark! from 'neath the western dome
The choral harmonies arise,
While thousands that to hear are come
With reverence upward lift their eyes,
And as at first, so now to raise
Their hearts devout in hymns of praise.

O! let the solemn organ high
The "Nation's Anthem" still prolong,
And grateful mounting to the sky,
Bespread its vistas—courts along,
That Heaven may smile upon the scene,
And bless our loved, our gracious Queen.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, NOVEMBER 9, 1862.

Hail to the morn as forth she comes
From yon November sky,
Conspiring with the rising sun
To spread her glories high;
To greet the Sabbath-day divine,
Her wonted homage pay,
And bless, as plenteous fall the showers,
Prince Edward's Natal Day!

And, hark! from out each sacred fane
The pleasant chimes are heard,
To usher in with friendly voice
The service of the Lord;
While onward press the goodly throngs
His Holy word to hear,
And pitying aid the suffering poor,
Oppressed by want severe.

Say ye, what better thoughts than these
Could e'er be brought to mind,
Their loyal respect the Prince to show,
Their love to brethren kind;
To honour her, their Sovereign dear,
Whose life's beyond all praise,
And to their God, their Saviour now,
Their heartfelt tribute raise?

Thou noble Prince! beloved by all
The people near—afar,

Whose eyes uplifted on thee gaze
As Britain's hopeful Star;
May'st thou in this, approved above,
Thy strength—thy glory see,
And like thy sire illustrious prove,
"Good Albert" second be.

O! may the nation's prayers ascend
Devout from this loved isle,
That Heaven, well pleased, may downward look—
Vouchsafe around to smile;
And may the Spirit's rising beam
Bespread the grateful scene,
And all as one united sing,
"God save our gracious Queen!"

PITY'S APPEAL.

"In yonder shire that's northward seen,
Where flows the Ribble plenteous—free,
Dread famine reigns with hideous mien,
And want—pale want and misery.

"There fathers—mothers—children dear,
By tens of thousands meet the eye,
No work—no food—no clothes to wear,
But such as Christian hands supply.

"No fault of theirs is this their need,
Nor those within the realm to view;
How gladly would they work indeed,
If they, as wont, had work to do!

"The mills all nearly closed are now,
And cotton still how hard to gain!
For War's red banner, sad to know,
Still waves across the western main.

"And see! stern Winter's drawing nigh,
With icy fingers—chilling breath;
Alas! how many soon may lie
Beneath the cold—cold hand of death.

"A trifle each throughout the land
Would these poor souls from suffering free,
Oh! aid them, then, with ready hand,
If thou in need would'st aided be."

Thus Pity spoke, as from her eye
There silent dropt the trembling tear,
While Britain upward heaved a sigh,
And prayed that Heaven the plaint would hear;

When lo! as if on angel-wing,
Fair Charity to view arose,
Her grateful offerings round to bring,
As bounteous Heaven his smiles bestows.

Oh! favoured Isle by Freedom loved,
Where pure Religion sheds her ray
Of hallowed light; by Heaven approved,
Mays't thou thy strength find as thy day;
And as through all thy trials before,
Thy greatness spread the world the more!

THE GALLANT YOUNG SAILOR.

(FOR MUSIC).

'Tis the gallant young sailor,
Of Britain the pride,
With his telescope ready—
The chart by his side;
He has traversed the ocean,
'Neath pennon so gay,
To his friends, afar distant,
His visit to pay.

In his bark that's so stately,
Where'er he has been,
Like the Star of his glory
His face shone serene;
At the Cape 'mongst the Caffres,
In regions elsewhere,
And in Græcia's fair islands
How loved he is there!

See! the nation has risen
Its offering to bring,
And as one, true to Freedom,
To make him its King;
While Victoria, God bless her!
To pleasure is moved,
That her scion illustrious
Should thus be approved.

Then here's health to Prince Alfred,
And long may he be
As beloved as "Good Albert,"
His Sire was to see;

And may Heaven's choice blessing
Descending below,
Far beyond that of kingdoms,
Be his e'er to know!

THE GAROTTERS.

From darksome places see the villains rise,
With plunder—murder in their ruthless eyes,
Like noxious reptiles in our pathways stand,
Their hapless victims strike with demon hand;
What though the sun his brightest smiles displays,
Or moon through darkness spreads her silver rays?
These foes to human kind still lurking lie,
And tiger-like their trade destructive ply;
No age, no sex, from dread attacks are free,
These triple monsters in our streets to see;
The rich, the poor, and e'en the cripples—blind,
The prowling fiends alike waylay to find,
With felon gripe their scanty purses seize,
Oft brutal force to use—just as they please;
And happy he, who, in th' unequal strife,
Escapes in safety with his precious life;
Not like poor Murray, struck 'neath savage law,
And homeward taken with a broken jaw.

How long, 'tis asked, shall deeds like these be done
Within our streets, beneath the noonday sun;
Our social peace thus marred by ruffian sway,
And threatening danger 'tend our steps each day;
The stream polluted in our land remain—
A stain so foul on Britain's peaceful reign?

Let sage Experience now an answer give,
That all may 'neath fair Freedom safely live;
"Revise the penal code," 'tis brief to name,
"And laws more stringent from on high proclaim;
The poisoned stream turn far from Albion's shore,
And warm the viper on your hearth no more."

O! may we all with cautious footsteps tread,
Our every path by fell garotters spread,
Prepared, if needs, their vile attempts to stay,
And guard our persons as from beasts of prey.
Meantime, may Justice stern upon her throne,
Assert her honour and her power make known,
While Argus watchful follows in their wake,
And Nemesis vengeance on the miscreants take.

STANZAS ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR, 1863.

Stern Winter lingers on the way;
The eve's like that in Spring,
When down with smiles she sinks to rest
Beneath night's sable wing;
Still, through the air a moaning sound
Comes wafted on the ear,
To tell in accents sad to know,
The Old Year's death is near.

Within Saint Mary Magdalen
A goodly throng is there,
Well met to hear the Word of God,
And join in praise and prayer;

To greet with joy the New Year's birth—
His advent soon to see,
Imploring blessings from above,
His reign might favoured be.

O! is it not true Wisdom's part,
Since Time so swiftly flies,
To listen to reflection's voice—
The precious moments prize;
To make them ours while yet 'tis day,
For night how soon may come,
When we may hence be called away
To our eternal home!

But hark! as from a thousand tongues
The choral praises rise,
In concert with the organ grand,
A grateful sacrifice;
Extolling Him,—the wonderous Star
At Bethlehem did proclaim,
The "object of our first desire,"
The "great Immanuel's" name!

And now from out the Book of Life
The reverend pastor drew
Each ready ear, to list the Word,*
With lips proclaimed so true;
And happy they whose hearts sincere
The seed thus sown retain,
For at the last, the harvest past,
They with the Lord shall reign.

The sermon o'er, then came the prayer
For our loved widowed Queen,

* "The year of release is at hand."—*Deut.* xv, 9.

Her royal house, and people all
That on the earth are seen;
The holy Church throughout the world;
Our land, so favoured—free;
For peace abroad—the poor around,
So blessed by Charity!

Oh! raise the music—heavenly strain!
Again with praise resound
To Him who reigns on high supreme,
And spread His courts around;
And may the course of every year
With hopeful smiles be blest,
And love, goodwill, to all mankind,
His "saving health" attest!

LINES ON THE

"SLEEP OF SORROW AND DREAM OF JOY."

See piteous low the "Sleep of Sorrow" lies,
On whom kind Heaven vouchsafes her rich supplies;
That face but view, each feature plain declares
Some painful image in her heart she bears;
While close beside from out her flowery bed
The "Dream of Joy" mounts up, with arms outspread,
Like seraph soaring high on wings of light
To greet her loved ones in those realms so bright;
Oh! genius rare, whose hand the work didst raise,
To thee, oh! Monti, be immortal praise.

But who the nymph in "Sorrow's Sleep" oppressed;—
The "Dream of Joy," with angel smiles so blessed,
Whose graceful rising makes the soul to feel
Each deep emotion tongue can scarce reveal?
"Oh! in those forms," a voice comes wafted nigh,
"Far more is meant than meet the outward eye,
For trace the symbol, and with Fancy's aid,
Her light away shall chase the gathered shade;
Then, in the "Sleep of Sorrow" thou mayst see
A beauteous land, but far from thraldom free;
What though no servile chains those feet restrain!
Yet fell oppression does his rule maintain,
And foreign bands, alas! bespread her round,
Who once the mistress of the world was found.
But there's a power that will not brook the sway
Of petty tyrants, think whate'er they may,
For right at length upon the land shall rise,
And Freedom's banner greet the azure skies;—
This then the 'Dream of Joy,' of hope the friend,
When loved Ausonia shall her throne ascend,
Triumphant rise, as there in vision given,
United—happy, 'neath the smiles of Heaven!"

HELLAS AND BRITANNIA.

O'ER the waters smoothly gliding
Onward to Britannia's shore,
Comes a voice in tone confiding
Such as ne'er was heard before;
'Tis from Hellas, famed in story,
Joyous with the thought to gain
Alfred loved—her people's glory,
Over them as King to reign.

"Oft on thee I've wistful gazed,"
Spoke she, "as the voy'ger far,
When on angry billows raised,
Hopeful greets the polar star;
None but thee shall rule the kingdom,
Myriads hail thee as their choice,
Alfred! noble name for Freedom,
Bid Hellenic hearts rejoice.

"By our heroes known through ages,
Bards illustrious dear to Fame,
Sculptors, painters, deathless sages,
Fell oppression, sad to name!
By each spot, so sacred—hoary,
In our annals plain to view,
We, oh! Prince, again intreat thee,
List our voice, united—true."

Then Britannia rose replying,
"Beauteous Hellas—ever fair!
Oh! it grieves me words denying
Thus should reach thy gracious ear;
But by honour's ties I'm bounden
Not to let a Prince of mine
O'er your kingdom reign: you see then,
I must needs the crown decline.

"Let not this my prompt refusal
Be to thee a source of pain,
But may meet thy wise approval,
Treaties I must strict maintain;
Soon may'st thou, 'tis hoped, discover
Other name to virtue known,
That may well thy kingdom over
Prove deserving of the throne:—

" One who, 'neath sage counsel steering,
May the stately vessel guide
Through the breakers—dangers clearing,
To the peaceful, flowing tide;
Where, with banner upward waving,
She may ride triumphant free,
While amongst her friends all hailing,
None more pleased than I should be!"

THEIR LAST RESTING PLACE.

It is a spot far, far away,
Where shines the Northern Star
At night, as does the sun by day,
To spread her light afar;
And o'er the Greenland sea-beat shore
To greet the lonely Labrador.

There in the churchyard, side by side,
The weary voy'gers sleep,
No longer o'er the troubled tide
In gallant barks to sweep;
A better place at last for rest
Could scarce be found near ocean's breast.

For Solitude there reigns profound—
Perpetual smiles serene,
Alternate round with snow wreaths crowned
And Summer's richest green;
No noise to hear, but music sweet
From out the waves, her throne to greet.

There too full many a name is known
From England's happy shore,
O'er which the friendly moss has grown,
Or lichen spread the more;
While close the Sea his tribute brings,
A mournful requiem duteous sings.

'From this lone hamlet of the dead
How grand to wend our way,
O'er broken, scattered rocks to tread,
The sea-shore wide survey;
To list the white-surf's murm'ring sound;
And gaze th' Atlantic pleased around!

To view the headland's darksome brow—
Th' icebergs rising higher,
All glittering in the sun-set now,
Lit up with golden fire;
As pointed, motionless they stand
In solid flames, 'bove sea and land!

LINES ON THE ARRIVAL OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK IN ENGLAND, MARCH 7, 1863.

THREE stately barks with streamers gay
Came wafted o'er the main,
From Denmark's friendly shores away,
Britannia's isle to gain;

With them their precious charge to bear,
The Princess Alexandra fair,
A lovely maid— th' affianced bride
Of Albert royal, the nation's pride.

"Breathe soft ye winds, each spreading sail
With prosperous breezes swell,
Till they the land may joyous hail,
By Freedom loved so well;
Where gathered now in myriads strong
The people line the shores along,
In city, town, bespread each street,
The 'Rose of Denmark' all to greet."

Thus spoke Britannia as on high
She waited for the Star,
Whilst by her side with radiant eye
Fame glanced the ocean far,
Her coming swift to herald round,
And spread with joy the grateful sound,
When rising pleased, th' obedient wave,
The gallant barks its bosom gave.

From Gravesend's height, right glad to see,
The little fleet came on;
Old Father Thames smiled joyfully,
Such honour proud to own,
And soon abreast that favoured strand
Th' illustrious maid prepared to land,
Amid the cheers—thrice welcome sound
Of Britons—thousands gathered round.

Nor would the Muse unmindful prove
The beauteous scene to name,
As prompt with fairy feet to move
She on the pier now came;

Whilst maids of Kent, all robed in white,
Bestrewed her way with flowers so bright,
The offerings first of bounteous Spring,
Sweet violets, rose-buds theirs to bring.

In truth it was a goodly sight
The landing thus to view;
The meeting of two Stars so bright
So youthful and so true;
For he, the Prince of Wales, was there,
The plaudits of the free to share,
His promised bride t' escort away,
Now soon to greet the bridal-day.

And, then those merry bells around
How pleasant 'twas to hear,
As from each distant fane the sound
Came softened on the ear;
The feelings kind, so free expressed,
That reign in Briton's manly breast,
Those heartfelt—patriotic cheers
From our brave Rifle Volunteers!

The welcome o'er, and all things done
Right loyal as could be,
The cortége formed, then left the town,
By rail for Bermondsey;
And soon arrived—the station there,
How grand the sight for all to share,
As now, 'twould in procession go
To Paddington the city through!

Then, passing on—the Kent-road way,
The Borough rose to sight,
Its glory spread to cheer the day,
With Arch Triumphal bright;

And there the burghers all serene,
Were met to celebrate the scene,
And children—thousands joined to raise
A joyous welcome, tuned to praise.

But who the splendour all can tell
That still uprose to view,
As now to London-bridge as well
The lengthened pageant drew;
'Tween statues, trophies, standards high,
And tripods, incense to supply,
It passed the Arch Triumphal spread,
Britannia greeting, overhead?

And oh! the merry chimes to hear
That out the city came,
From many a tower afar and near,
Its entrance to proclaim;
While smiling round the beauteous maid,
The Princess Alexandra gazed
Upon each scene with wondering eyes,
That 'neath enchantment seemed to rise.

With stately measured step and slow
The cavalcade passed on,
Till at the Civic Mansion know
It came, great homage shown;
And then as through Cheapside it went,
What cheers from out the *heart* was sent
To tell that England, great and free,
Delighted was the sight to see.

Uprising next to greet the sun,
Saint Paul's appeared in view,
A brilliant scene surpassed by none
The vision rapturous drew,

As westward down it looked afar
The myriads waiting for the Star,
While bosomed round to glad the eye,
What throngs to see the train go by!

Then turning from this scene so grand
The train pursued its way,
Down Ludgate-hill, towards the Strand
The Temple-bar so gay;
Nor failed to note as on to get
The princely House of Somerset,
The sacred fanes the heart to please,
With banners waving in the breeze.

The West-end gained, now brief to trace,
It passed each spacious street,
Each wide spread road with quicken pace,
The Marble Arch to greet;
Hyde Park to cross amid the cheers
Of hosts of British Volunteers,
Assembled there in bright array,
In honour of the festal day.

And now to Paddington it came
The crowds there met to view,
Whose welcome rose in loud acclaim,
So blithesome and so true;
And thence by rail the noble pair
To Windsor Castle did repair,
Which soon they reached, 'tis joy to tell,
'Neath Heaven's protection safe and well.

Oh! Royal Lady; gracious Prince,
Beloved—endeared to all;
May Heaven's choice blessing, now and hence,
As dew upon thee fall;

That, favoured thus, we may in thee
The glory of the nation see,
As Stars, indeed, round Britain's throne,
A grateful people's love to own.

THE BRIDAL DAY, MARCH 10.

"'Tis a morn for the bridal, the merry bride bell
Tolls out through the woodland that skirts the chapel."

Upon famed Windsor Castle's height
The morn auspicious spread her light,
The harbinger of joyous hours,
To call to life the early flowers,
And bid the song birds wake and sing,
And blithesome hail the bounteous Spring,
That comes arrayed in Nature's green,
To cheer us with her smiles serene.

Then soon as forth from out his bed
The sun arose his rays to spread,
Fair Freedom woke with gladdened eyes
To view the scenes that soon would rise;
To greet with joy the lovely Star—
The Princess Alexandra fair,
And welcome in the day when she
The Prince of Wales's bride would be.

And pleasantly the chimes as well
Around began the joy to swell;
In city—town, afar and near,
With music sweet to charm the ear,

And " Merry England " at the sound
Arose and spread her myriads round—
A scene, perchance, before ne'er known
Since Queen Victoria gained her crown.

Within the Castle's royal demesne
Saint George's Chapel now was seen,
A brilliant throng assembled there,
The ceremonial grand to share;
And, Oh! how glorious was the sight
To see two noble hearts unite,
Around to spread their genial rays,
To bless and cheer the coming days.

Illustrious pair! this gift be thine;
May every joy Love's wreath entwine,
Whilst from above may wisdom—grace—
Sustain thee in thy high-born place;
Be to our widowed Queen a stay,
And bless her with thy cheering ray;
Like her in goodness act thy part,
And live in Britain's generous heart.

And, oh! when like a tale that's told,
Life's scenes shall pass as days of old—
Shall change as does the evening star
At morn's approach the east afar;
So may'st thou peaceful sink to rest,
And rise triumphant with the blest;
With raptures hail the prize as given—
For ever shine as Stars in Heaven!

LINES

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A BIBLE AND CASKET,* OF THE VALUE OF ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS, TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES, BY THE CHILDREN OF THE SUNDAY AND DAY SCHOOLS OF SOUTHWARK,

APRIL 29TH, 1863.

THE thought was good and well deserving praise,
The beauteous gift in Southwark thus to raise,
'Mongst children—teachers in the schools around,
Full twenty thousand on the list as found;
Who cheerful rose their offerings prompt to bring,
The Muse would fain in grateful numbers sing,
For their loved Princess, Britain's hope and pride,
The Prince of Wales's lovely cherished bride.

O! precious Book, sent down from age to age,
O'er which rapt seraphs bend to look its page,†

* It is a quarto Bible, bound in purple morocco, and has bands and clasps of silver gilt. From the book mark depend elegant bullion tassels. The Casket, which is a present from the school teachers, is made from a solid block of oak, beautifully carved, with spring flowers and foliage, and there are four shields—three bearing Danish heraldic insignia, and the fourth Her Royal Highness's monogram, the letter "A," enclosed in a ducal coronet. The lining of the casket is of crimson silk Genoa velvet. Within the cover of the Bible is the following inscription upon vellum, in beautifully illuminated characters: "To Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra, from 20,000 school children of Southwark, whose young but loyal hearts delight to show their joy at her passing through the Borough on her arrival in this country, by begging Her Royal Highness's acceptance of that Book in which they are taught to—Fear God and honour the Queen." The cost of the sacred volume was 60 guineas, and the casket 40 guineas..—*South London Journal.*

† I Peter i, 12.

So wonderous kept, through changes all of time,
A storehouse vast of wisdom—truth sublime;
That speaks the Father and the Saviour's love,
The Spirit's holy mission from above;
The weak to strengthen, and with hope to cheer
The weary pilgrim on his journey here;
To feed the hungry—urgent thirst supply
With plenteous draughts, as in the days gone by,
When down from Heaven was rained the angels' bread,
By hand omnipotent so bounteous spread,
And from the rock on Horeb's favoured ground
The people drank in myriads gathered round;
As long they sojourned on the desert-plain,
The promised beauteous land at length to gain.

May this blessed Book, 'neath Heaven's directing ray,
O! Royal Lady, prove thy comfort—stay;
Preserve thee safe from every harm, to bide
Till thou at last shall reach loved Canaan's side,
Where faith is followed up in vision free,
In those bright realms of immortality.

ON THE INAUGURATION OF THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MEMORIAL, JUNE 10, 1863.

Hail to the day when merging into light
The beauteous Temple stood revealed to sight,
Triumphant reared—a work of genius rare;—
The grand Memorial of the World's Great Fair;
As well of him, loved Prince, who formed the plan,
The arts to raise and bless his fellow man;

Soft peace—good will—to nations round proclaim,
And add fresh lustre to Britannia's name!

Within the Temple's bosom seated high
Four noble statues greet th' admiring eye,
Of Earth the symbol—her great quarters four,
O'er which may Freedom's banner wave the more;
While raised above, with smiles as wont—serene,
The breathing semblance of the Prince is seen:—
The whole a work how well deserving praise!
And *Durham* high on Fame's bright roll shall raise.

Illustrious Scions of a Sire so loved,
May you as he, in Wisdom's ways approved,
The hearts of Britain's sons successful gain,
And rise like him true greatness to attain;
On Heaven rely for His directing ray
To guide you onward in your brilliant way;
So may your names be blessed from age to age,
And honoured live in History's faithful page!

O! Queen beloved, who mourn'st a spouse so dear,
Whose sable vestments still speak sorrow near,
May'st thou in this thy people's offering see
Affection's tribute long shall cherished be;
And as on that loved form thou oft shalt gaze,
May Heaven around bespread His cheering rays,
Till thou at length in His good time shalt rise,
And greet thine Albert in yon blissful skies.

SUMMER THOUGHTS.

'Tis beauteous all as now in vesture bright
Sweet Summer pleased bespreads with liberal hand
Her varied stores, our hearts to cheer and bless.
Here, as I stand and gaze the forest wide,
Beneath the ancient oak,* Time's honoured tree,
That patriarchal looks majestic down,—
In whose still bosom, pressed by crafty foe,
The second Charles a grateful shelter found,
To reign at length inglorious in the land;
What sounds delightful rise to greet the ear
And fill with joy the sylvan scenes around!
The lark high soaring tuneful pours his notes
Above the mead that fragrant hides his mate,
As close she sits, her offspring fledged to cheer,
That like their sire shall soon outspread their wings
And upward mount to carol in the sky.
Anear—afar from out his green retreat
Full many a minstrel in the concert joins,
And Nature all in whispers breathes her love
To Him who wonderous called her into life;
While, gathered round, Young England's hopeful sons
'Neath Freedom's banner jocund hail the day,
As on they ramble through the woodland nigh,
So dear to boyhood as it is to song.
O! favoured Isle, 'tis Britons' pride to own,
Where Peace—Contentment—'neath the genial sway
Of our loved Queen their precious gifts impart,
Alike enjoyed by peasant and by peer;
May's thou in this His love supreme discern,

* King's Oak, High Beach, Epping.

Who wills His creatures all should happy be,
And as thou hast from Him so free received
Do thou the blessings spread the nations round;
The guardian prove of th' oppressed—befriend
Each hapless country ground by tyrant rule,
As in the States, alas!—poor Poland! seen,
Where ruthless War his crimsoned flag still waves
Triumphant o'er the dying and the dead:—
Be this thy part—thy mission high to bear,
That they like you may freedom blissful share!

HUMOROUS PIECES.

HUMOROUS PIECES.

A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!*

(FOR MUSIC).

HERE's a health to a friend whom to know is to love,
For his actions are such as the best must approve;
To his neighbours he's kind, to his word he is true,
What of others he wishes himself he would do;
For the poor he has pity; their wants give him pain;
When they ask his assistance they ask not in vain;
A fond husband, kind father, good subject is he,
And a hearty good fellow we know him to be!

In the bond of true friendship a song we will raise
On this festive occasion, and sing to his praise;
What though humble the tribute? sincere is its aim,
For virtues so sterling 'tis our pride to proclaim,
Whilst his presence amongst us enhances the theme,
Gives a zest to our pleasure, respect, and esteem;
Then in bumpers let's pledge him with hearty cheers three,
For a jolly good fellow we know him to be!

* Written by the request of a friend.

THE REVIEW, 1860.

'Twas on the twenty-third of June ('twill well remembered be),
When to Hyde Park the people flocked, the grand review to see.
And grand it was, for there equipped, in colours grey and green,
Full twenty thousand volunteers appeared before the Queen.
She well did look, and all were pleased Her Majesty to view,
With her loved Consort, Prince of Wales, and other great ones too;
And many a vet'ran warrior there, as well as young and gay,
In brilliant uniforms were seen on that eventful day.
Lord C—* appeared, and many more, besides the Baron R—,†
And dukes and nobles not a few, and some from very far;
Five strangers, mystic clothed in *white*, with beards so *black* and long,
Came late, 'twas said from Barbary, to join the gathered throng.‡
The standard waved right royally beneath a favoured sky,
As gallantly the volunteers in companies marched by;
And when they'd to their place returned, their loyal salute had giv'n,
A cheer they raised which sounded like th' artillery of heav'n.
The Queen all gracious smiled serene; some people looked amazed,
As if Aladdin's wond'rous lamp the beauteous scene had raised;
But *one* there was all wished to see, these verses do declare—
At Queen Victoria's next review may *Nap*, 'tis hoped, be there.

* The venerable Lord Combermere. † Baron Rothschild.

‡ Ambassador and suite from Tunis.

COUSIN'S LETTER; OR, DEEDS NOT WORDS (1860).

Your letter, dear coz, we must say we think clever,
  There is something about it we fain would commend;
It came in good time, too, so now we'll endeavour
  To send you an answer, as a friend should a friend.

Your words we esteem, as addressed to your neighbours,—
  The renouncing of S—, and of N—, and so on;—
Your offer so promptly to join in our labours
  In certain grave questions; but you still eye P——t!

Nor can we forget your expressed kind intention,—
  Your advice and assistance, if needs, to friend T—;
Poor man! he's still sick—it is grievous to mention;
  We hope, with wise treatment, safely cured he may be.

For P— we believe you feel somewhat compassion,
  As we think in your letter 'tis briefly made known;
But 'tis said that at R— there are things out of fashion;
  P'raps 'twere better—much better to leave P— alone.

You speak of your household—the servants you number,
  And assert that 'tis less than at periods before;
Dear, how stupid some folks are to make such a blunder—
  To say you'd increased it to a great many more!

S (Savoy). N (Nice). P (Piedmont). T (Turkey).
R (Rome). P (the Pope).

Still, think you'll do better to shorten expenses,
If convenient, at once, or as soon as you can;
Let bygones be bygones;—away with past tenses!
Be assured by your friends 'tis the very best plan.

In band, then, in future more closely united,
We will prove to the world what a boon 'tis indeed;
Take this for our motto, and stand to it plighted,
That Deeds, and not Words, coz, are the points of our creed!

BEATING THE BOUNDS, MAY 9, 1861.

Awake, O! Muse, on sportive wing,
The beating of the bounds to sing,
That late came *on* and *off* so free,
In our fam'd town of Bermondsey;
A sort of *little* Lord Mayor's show,
As old as Alfred *Great*, and so
Its age from hist'ry it appears
Is really near one thousand years!
A custom this so long approved
As *right* ought not be *wrong* construed,
And better, is it not, by far,
Than only landmarks here and there,
That may you know be taken down,
And cause much trouble to the town?
One living witness, sure and true,
More value is than *dead ones two.*

Hence, trusty friends, as may be shown,
This day have ever made their own;
Have *forward* come without *reserve*,
This rare septennial fête observe;

In *hand* each supple youth to take,
That he may *handy* marksman make,
On land, on water, everywhere,
Perambulation's duties share;
Encroachments *sly* away to sweep,
The parish bound'ries *free* to keep:
To verse, perchance, before unknown,
Since Bermondsey its name has borne.

Assembled on the very ground
That once by King (*Lackland*) was owned;
Where, too, his palace royal was seen—
Its noble park—its meadows green;
Who thither came (how oft can't say),
His reign inglorious while away;
The chosen train in order stand,
Obedient to its chief's command,
Within her gates again to greet
Saint Mary Magdalen's greatest treat;
With banners floating proudly high,
To serve beneath a favoured sky.

Now when the clock, the starting sign,
Just gave at ten—not half-past nine,
Out marched the train to fife and drum,
To "See! the conquering hero's come,"
And up the Street of Bermondsey
It gallant went right merrily;
The pioneers they took the lead,
Of course prepared for every need;
To clear obstructions—level ditches,
Pursuant to all lawful wishes,
And if required, their zeal to show,
To play up "Old Bob Ridley, oh!"*

* Alluding to the scene that took place at Deptford a short time since between a company of volunteers and the toll-gate-keeper.

The Muse would fain the worthies tell
Who manful came the ranks to swell;
To tread each street, each road, each lane,
The proper marking—beating gain;
And how they stopped *half-way* at ease,
To lunch on Tyler's bread and cheese,
Their lips to moist *half* parched and dry,
And some Hyde's* *half-and-half* to try;
How, too, the boys of smaller growth
Partook their snacks and nothing loth,
Within—without "The Holly Tree,"
Delighted as they well might be;
But that the strain might prove too long,
Half spoil the relish for her song:
Yet still well pleased she'll brief recite,
What thousands came to view the sight!
With fun and frolic in the crowd,
Their presence to declare aloud,
In concert with the varied cry,
"See! halloo boys! another guy!"
And now and then the call—the shout,
"Dear! does your mother know you're out?"
Whilst "Laughter holding both his sides,"
Came following in the crowd besides.

Through scenes like these and many more,
The train returned, its journey o'er,
To *end* at where it did *begin*,
That is, Saint Mary Magdalen;
And there within her gates serene,
The band it played "God save the Queen"
In which with heart responsive, true,
All joined; then homeward some withdrew,
Whilst others to the Church now prest,
Right thankful for a day so blest!

* The worthy host of the "Half-way House," Blue Anchor Road.

THE LOBSTER MAN.

THERE's a brisk little man,
Who works up to his plan,
An itinerant vender of fish;
Who for thirty years known,
Has paced Bermondsey Town,
His name though to mention don't wish.

And from morn until night,
Be the day dull or bright,
His cry it is heard in the street;
And 'tis "Lobster come buy!"
Or, "A pair of soles try!"
His customers ears thus to greet.

But sometimes to vary
His cry,—not less chary
He alters the pitch of his voice;
Then, its "Eels all alive O!"
To stew, or to fry, know,
And "Dainty fresh cod!" for their choice.

Next "Haddock!" and "Whiting!"
Well dried for their liking,
He raises to fulness each strain;
And "Salmon in pickle!"
Their palates to tickle,
Good humoured their favours to gain.

Then their ears still to wake,
'Tis "Come buy a live hake!"
Or a piece, if they like it the more;

With "Oysters!" and "Bloaters!"
From Yarmouth be sure, Sirs,
And "Winkles!" and "Shrimps!" quite a store.

Thus he trudges along,
With his varied fish song,
From Spring and through Winter so drear;
And still cheerful's the sound,
As it echoes around,
His cry, "Buy a lobster!" to hear.

THE RIVAL BLONDINS.

O! WOND'ROUS Blondin, how he takes his ease
On rope high poised, the gaping crowd to please;
In chair he sits, stands, walks, and runs along—
For feats adroit he well deserves a song;
But there is *one* whose skill the Muse would name,
Who Blondin-like aspires *to lofty* fame—
Who, in his chair—Saint Peter's—balanced high,
Enacts his part but 'neath a cloudy sky;
For months and months he's skipped his favorite rope,
While Europe gazing, wondered at—the *Pope!*
As well she might to see him thus so bold,
With scarcely aught to grasp—in air to hold;
And how he's stood so long 'tis puzzling quite,
'Twas thought at times he'd surely take his flight;
So close to danger was His Highness known,
A breath from *Nap* would sent him toppling down;
He once *did* trip but soon regained his feet,
And still the chair-trick ready does repeat;

Should *Pio* fall, O! what a fall 'twould be!
He'd reach the bottom of the Holy *See*,
And all the art of *Nono* prove in vain
Himself to seat in Peter's Chair again.

CHEESE NO GRINDSTONE.

A SHORT STORY.

In Connecticut town, far away o'er the main,
Lived a merchant reputed as clever,
Who'd been taught by his sire heaps of dollars to gain,
But to read and to write had learnt never.

Still, he kept his own books, and for writing made signs
In the shape of his wares—rare invention!
And of these, it is said, he'd a stock of all kinds,
It may not be unapt here to mention.

Now, one day to his store an old customer came,
His account with our merchant to settle,
Who, consulting his book, the goods sold thus did name,
With no lack it would seem of real mettle.

"To my credit I find you'd a pound of good tea,
And a ham, sir, of first-rate condition,
With molasses and rum, both as choice as could be,
And a very large *cheese* in addition."

"A large *cheese!*" said his customer; "that I deny,
No such thing have I had 'pon my honour;"
"You will pardon me, sir," was the merchant's reply,
"It is down plain enough in my leger."

"That may be," he rejoined, "yet no *cheese* have I had,
But a *grindstone* you'll please to remember;
To my house it was brought by that nigger—your lad,
Let me think—yes, one day in September."

"That is it!" cried the merchant (the truth glad to own,
Which, indeed, might have proved a hard riddle),
"And I must have forgotten the mark to put down
For the *hole*, my good friend, in the *middle*."

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.

(FOR MUSIC).

I'M a grave-digger bold,
And my name is Tom *Mould*,
Which agrees with my craft to a T;
For the pick and the spade
I in *short*, sirs, was made,
Though I come from a *long* pedigree;
And I laugh and I sing
As the earth up I fling,
For I care for no-body—no-body ye see,
And there's no-body—no-body careth for me!

Like the mole below ground,
See! I pile up each mound,
Here and there where the worm revels free;
And though *grave* be my call
I am *merry* with-*al*,
Yet I keep but my *own* company;

And I laugh and I sing
As the earth up I fling,
For I care for no-body—no-body ye see,
And there's no-body—no-body careth for me!

Oft I yonder do stand
With the spade in my hand
'Neath the shade of the lonely yew-tree;
Then, I think of the past,
Of my *bed* at the last,
And I wonder who'll *make* it for me;
Still I merrily sing
As the earth up I fling,
For I care for no-body—no-body ye see,
And there's no-body—no-body careth for me!

But the night wears apace,
And the moon hides her face,
And the time near to midnight must be,
Yes! I hear a shrill cry
As the wind whistles by,
"Ah! old Tom, I am thinking of thee;"
So, no more thus I'll sing
While the earth up I fling,
For I care for some-body—some-body ye see,
And there's some-body—some-body careth for me!

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON; OR, AN OLD TALE WITH A NEW FACE.

ONE morning, 'twas early, as Terence O'Fleary
For potatoes was digging, for so the tale goes,
Up came an old friend and a gossip Mick Casey,
Togged out, it would seem, in his best Sunday clothes.

"Och! Terry, my man, an' what would you be afther
Wid them praties," said Mick, "un' sure you must know
The berrin, of Phelim O'Loughlan's preparin'—
Will soon be for startin' jist down there below.

"Come along now, ma bochel! an' don't be unasy,
Them praties will wait, so attind to my call."
Said Terry, "the childers their breakfast's expectin',
An' this ridge I must dig or they'll have none at all;

"An' thin, Micky Casey, I'm goin' to confession
To Father O'Higgins—his house jist in view;
He houlds there a stashin." Said Mick, "Botheration!
Sure that, wid the praties, might wait for you too!"

But Terry would not by his friend be persuaded,
So Mick to the "berrin'" alone went his way,
And Terry, who had "wid his praties" now ended,
To O'Higgins went over his visit to pay.

He was shown in the kitchen, to wait until called for—
His turn for to take, that would come in good time,
When, lo! in the chimney aside he saw hanging
A nice piece of bacon—it looked really prime.

Terry looked at the bacon again and again,
And he wished like the "praties" it home now could go,
And he said (gentle reader his "feelins" excuse),
"Och! murther alive! will I take it or no?

"Sure the praist he can spare it, an' 'twould be a rare thrate
To the gorsoons at home an' to Judy so gay,
Not to spake of meeself, tho' 'tis sartin," said he,
"The likes I've not tasted this many's the day."

Terry 'gain eyed the bacon, then turning aside
He said to himself, "I won't take it!—an' why?
Becase it's the praist's, an' to stale it a sin;
Och! the Ould Buoy is at me, my courage to thry!

"But 'tis sure there's no harm any way," then said he,
"Jist to feel it,—Och! aint it a beautiful bit?
An' why not take it home?—faith no sin would it be
When afther I've made my confession of it!"

Then into his pocket—great coat pocket at once—
He thrust the said bacon, still thinking of home,
When that instant the maid came to call him away—
To tell him his turn for confession had come.

"Murther alive! I am kilt!—I am ruined outright!—
Horse and foot!" now said Terry, "as sure as I live,
But my best I will thry, any how thin," thought he,
And in now he went his confession to give.

He knelt down to the priest and he told him his sins,
Who was just absolution about to impart,
When Terry cried out, as if stung by some thing,
That made the kind priest for a moment to start:—

"Och! stop, Father Higgins, dear!—goodness sake, stop!
I have not tould you all, there is one great sin more,
But I'm frightened—so frightened the same to repate,
The likes I've not done, sur—no, niver before."

"Come, come," said O'Higgins, "you must nothing keep back,
Tell me plainly the truth all about the sad deed;"
"I will, sur," said Terry, "but I feel so ashamed"—
"Oh! never mind that," said the priest, "now proceed."

"Why thin, plaize your Riverince, one day I went in
To a gintleman's house, on some business to thrate,
An' he bein' engaged, in the kitchen was shown,
An' I stood by the fire his honour to wait.

"There I saw in the chimbly—the corner I mane,
A paice, sur, of bacon—a beautiful bit!
I looked at it, sur, an' your pardon I crave,
It made my teeth wather, sur—wather for it.

"I don't know, sur, I'm sure, how it all came about—
I suppose 'twas the Divil's timptation to do;
For the bacon I put in my pocket at last,
An' here, sur, it is—I will give it to you!"

"Give to me!" said O'Higgins, "no, certainly not;
Return it the owner at once do you see;"—
"Sure enough, thin," said Terry, "I offered it him,
An' he would not indade, sur, take it of me!"

"He would not!" said the priest, "why then keep it yourself;
No further inquiry 'tis needful to raise;"

"Thank your Riverince," said Terry, "an' that will I do,
But fairst absolution I'll have if you plaize."

This Terry obtained, and then home hied his way,
Right glad *soul* and *bacon* thus to save the same day.

THE BAKER AND HIS CUSTOMER'S PIE; OR, THE LOSS OF A SUNDAY'S DINNER.

How many things there are in life
To cause vexation, noise, and strife!
Yet, if by wisdom we'd be ruled,
And not by indiscretion fooled,
What trouble we might turn aside
And 'scape the piper's pay beside;
And so, the same to illustrate,
A simple story I'll relate:—

Van *Dressing* was a German true,
And was by trade a baker too;
But where he exercised the same
It is not needful here to name;
Suffice to say, he did his best
His zeal for business to attest,
And always, Sunday's bakings done,
To keep his eye on half-past one,
As on, or 'fore, that hour you know,
Each dish from out the shop should go;
But after that, if ta'en away,
He then a fine might have to pay.

Now, Van, it seems from what's been heard,
One *Westbump's* custom oft had shared,
Who lately, on a Sunday fine,
On pie—meat pie—resolved to dine,
Which soon as made was sent, you see,
To *Dressing's* shop, well baked to be,
Who did it as it should be—prime;
'Twas ready long before the time.

When *Westbump* came—some minutes o'er
The hour, as stated is before—
And found his pie he could not get,
It threw him in a mighty pet;
But still to soften down his ire,
His hopes of pie to come inspire,
Thus *Dressing* spoke to him his mind,
That none 'tis thought can deem unkind:—
"Dis day, Sare, here your pie must stay,
You cannot now have your dîner *(di-na)*;
But if de morrow you vill call,
Den you sal have your dîner all;
It vill not do, Sare, vill not do,
To pay ten shilling fine vor you!"

To-morrow came but *Westbump* stayed—
To fetch his pie he still delayed,
And time, that's ever on the wing,
Soon night at twelve o'clock did bring;
When, lo! a knocking at the door,
Attended by a shout—a roar,
Waked *Mynheer* and his gentle queen,
Who, wond'ring what it all could mean,
Outleapt, half-scared, their downy bed,
And out the window popped each head,
And seeing *Westbump* in the street,
The former thus his ears did greet:—

"Vat mean you, Sare, to come dis night
To vorry me and my tear vife;
Is dis de time to call vor pie,
Ven peeples in der peds do lie?
Vait but de morrow, Sare, sal see
Vat vill de vorship do vor me!"
Whilst she, her husband's part to take,
The brawler bade less noise to make,
And then, in words not deemed so civil,
To go—ay, "go unto de tevil!"

Some days from this on summons heard
(For *Dressing* mindful kept his word),
He, *Westbump*, tool to Folly's sway,
The costs for all was judged to pay,
And still to raise his choler high,
Well *dressed*, to eat his *damaged* pie!

A "PECULIAR" HORSE.

In the diary of the late Dr. Chalmers, the following entry, so characteristic of his deliberation and forbearance, occurs under date of April 14th, 1812. "Left Kilmany on horseback for Kircaldy. Was annoyed with the peculiarities of my horse on the road, and gave way to an old habit of vehemence on the subject. This must be carefully guarded against." The "*peculiarities*" alluded to were certainly of somewhat annoying character. "What most provoked him with his horse," says a note upon the passage, "was the *frequency with which he threw him!*"—*Youth's Magazine* for 1850, vol. 13, p. 465.

This horse, it would seem from the Doctor's relation,
Felt greatly averse to the reign *(rein)* of dictation;
Though sent but to *serve* he'd oft *rise* to be *ruler*,
Thus *down* came his name 'mongst his race as "*Peculiar*;"

If to *stand* he would *start*; if to *start* he would *stay*,
As did *Major Tambour** on the late *Derby Day*;
But of all his queer tricks—none provoking the more—
"*Peculiar*" his master would frequently floor,
Who, taking a fancy—most strange! to discover
The average length of each fall from the other,
In order that he, in his reckoning to make,
Might see how far distant *twelve* such throws would him take,
Resolved that "*Peculiar*" he would careful retain
Till the *last* in the *dozen* successful should gain:—
Unfortunate scheme! as was proved before ended,
The Doctor got more than he ever intended,
For a *downer*—the *tenth*—of each other the worse,
Came to tell him he'd better get rid of his horse;
So, to market he sent him forthwith to be sold,
And insisted his faults every one should be told;
But no buyer could get; then, for *Baxter* to read,
He exchanged him—a bargain!—a *book* for a *steed*,
Thinking wiser it was to have food for his *mind*,
Than endanger his *body* with beast so unkind:
Yet, how curious to learn, of this tale the prime feature;
This very *bad* horse, lo! became a *good* creature;
His last master for years served right faithful and true,
And, no—never *once* tried his *old* tricks to re-*new*;
Hence, to folks, who to study the case made their plan,
Not the *horse* was "*Peculiar*" but the *Doctor*—good man!

* *Tambour Major*—the horse that proved so refractory and would not start with the rest on the occasion referred to.

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